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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

M E S S - T A B L E

AND

T H E S T A G E.



RECOLLECTIONS  
OF  
THE MESS-TABLE  
AND  
THE STAGE.

BY HENRY CURLING,

AUTHOR OF

“THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,” &c., &c.

LONDON:  
T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.  
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The Author reserves to himself the right of translation.

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P R E F A C E.



THE Author of the following "RECOLLECTIONS"  
begs to claim the indulgence of the reader for the  
desultory manner in which they are presented.

Amusement being the essential object of the  
Work, formality of treatment has been disre-  
garded, as unsuitable to its discursive and anec-  
dotical contents. It is hoped that the off-hand  
style of narration thus adopted may be found not  
unsuccessful in preserving some of the pungent  
and racy flavour which is so characteristic of

MESS TABLE CHAT

and

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP.

LONDON :

MARCH, 1855.

765165



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## ERRATA.

Page 95, line 9, *for* no country *read* no other country  
... 104, ... 5, *for* fling out *read* flung out

THE MESS-TABLE,  
AND  
THE STAGE.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD ACTOR.

THOSE who were personally acquainted with the celebrated comedian, Samuel Russell, doubtless remember him as one of the most amusing of companions, and estimable of men in his profession.

It is indeed unlucky that *Jerry* Russell (as he was familiarly called) could never be persuaded to give his interesting Memoirs to the world. For few who have “fretted their hour” upon the stage, and whose chequered lives usually afford so many reverses, could have displayed such a diverting budget.

His own adventures, during a long life, passed from youth to age almost wholly upon the stage,—as he frequently related them amongst his friends, would have filled volumes, without taking into account the racy anecdotes, witticisms, and varieties

with which he interlarded his discourse. It was remarkable also, that in Russell's stories, few of his friends heard the same thing oftentimes repeated. He had no *set* story to be related for the nonce. His anecdotes, sayings, and witticisms, were called forth by the passing idea or remembrance suggested by the conversation of the hour. Nothing seemed new to him: say what you would, he could cap it by a circumstance akin, giving so much point by his inimitable acting, that even the most common-place anecdote seldom, in his hands, failed to interest his hearers. I became acquainted with Russell only a few years previous to his decease, when his energy and strength were impaired by ill-health, and the fire of his brilliancy a trifle dimmed. But I never was in his company without being delighted with his amusing powers.

As Russell's anecdotes refer to those picturesque days in the career of the Old Stagers, when strolling was in vogue, and as I purpose also to relate some anecdotes gathered in the mess-room, and on the march, I trust the collection will not be found unamusing to the reader.

#### THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

“Margate,” said Russell, one day, as the name of that watering-place occurred in conversation, “do I know Margate, quotha? Why, Sirs, great part of

my early career was spent in the county of Kent ; and Margate in its palmy days, when acting, raffling, brilliant assemblies, and all sorts of diversions were in vogue there, was every season visited by me.

“ I remember one summer, whilst staying at Margate, that celebrated beauty, the Duchess of Rutland, was much annoyed by a man who continually followed her wherever she went ; and it was my good fortune to fall in with, and assist in ridding the Duchess of this persecution.

“ I heard the matter discussed one morning in Garner’s library. The man was said to be so madly in love with her Grace, that he was continually upon the watch, and, reckless of all consequences, annoyed her incessantly. He had just traeed and followed her to Ramsgate, where she was at that time staying ; and it was much lamented by several gentlemen present, that neither the Duke, her husband, nor one of her own footmen, had treated the fellow to such a thrashing as his conduct deserved.

“ The conversation made no great impression on me at the moment ; but some half-an-hour afterwards, as I was sitting alone in the reading-room, a carriage drew up to the door, and a lady alighting entered, and taking a paper sat down at the table opposite.

“ As I was interested in the news of the day, at first I did not take my eyes from the paper I was perusing to observe her. But on raising my head,

I was perfectly astonished at her beauty, and immediately felt persuaded it must be the Duchess of Rutland. Whilst I continued to gaze, the Duchess (for I was right in my conjecture) glaneed from the paper she was reading, in order to observe if it was any one she knew, who was regarding her so steadily. I immediately rose from my seat, and that I might not appear rude, walked towards the window.

“As I did so, a man, whose dress and appearance were in the extreme of the fashion, dashed up to the door on horseback, and leaping from the saddle, rushed into the library. He stopped short as soon as he caught sight of the Duchess, and stood with a theatrical air, intently regarding her.

“At first the Duchess did not notice the arrival of this person; but when she became aware of his presence, I observed that she looked alarmed, and rose from her seat as if to seek her carriage. As she did so, the man drew back, and the Duchess (apparently anticipating that he meant to intercept her) stopped, and turning to the counter, as if to claim the protection of the librarian, pointed to a tray of jewellery beneath the glasses, and desired to look at the contents.

“The insolent look of familiarity assumed by this fellow, and the evident annoyance his conduct gave the lady, immediately recalled to my mind the previous conversation I had heard, and I in-

stantly surmised this must be the scoundrel who was in the habit of following and annoying her wherever she went. Meanwhile, the man approached the Duchess, and, with the greatest assurance, pointing to one of the rings in the jewel tray, recommended her to purchase it. I shall never forget the look she gave the fellow. The scorn of her glance was worthy of a Siddons when Imogene first comprehends the insult of Iachimo. Hastily setting down the jewellery, she drew back, and quickly sought her carriage ; her persecutor rushing after her, and calling for his horse, in order to follow. I was standing near the door of the library whilst this was taking place, and a gentleman of my acquaintance happening to come in, I pointed out the conduct of the stranger to him.

“‘ Is this to be permitted ?’ I said.

“‘ It ought not,’ he returned.

“‘ I feel most uncommonly inclined to cane the scoundrel,’ I added.

“‘ If you begin,’ said my friend, ‘ by Heaven I’ll second you.’

“‘ Have at him, then,’ said I, and flourishing the rattan I carried in my hand, we both rushed into the street.

“The fellow had just mounted his horse, and was starting after the carriage of the Duchess when we caught him, and, one on each side, rained just

such a shower of blows upon him as Prince Hal and Poins, inflicted upon poor Jack at Gad's Hill ; thrashing him unmercifully up the High Street as far as Hubbard's bathing-rooms, where he succeeded in pulling up his horse.

“ By this time a mob had collected, and the fellow, leaping from his horse, took refuge in the reading-room of the bathing-house, where we confronted him. Furious with rage, he immediately rushed towards us.

“ ‘What is the meaning of this?’ he said, ‘you infernal rascals. I will have immediate satisfaction.’

“ ‘The meaning is plain enough, Sir,’ my friend said, ‘you have just insulted a lady of rank. By no means, I believe, an uncommon custom with you. For mine and this gentleman’s satisfaction, we have well caned you, and I now have the further satisfaction of assuring you that we will repeat the infliction whenever we see you following and annoying the Duchess of Rutland. Any further satisfaction you may desire,’ he continued, ‘I shall be happy to afford.’

“ Upon this I seconded my friend’s words, and assured the scoundrel of my hearty concurrence in all that had been said and done. After which we both left him in a most unenviable condition. In conclusion, it is only necessary to say that the les-

son given to this person was perfectly satisfactory. He left the Island of Thanet immediately, and never again molested the Duchess of Rutland."

"And the Duke," I said, "did he ever hear of and acknowledge the piece of service rendered to his handsome wife?"

"The Duke, Sir," returned Russell, with one of his peculiar looks, "was, a gentleman ; he did hear of it, and he never forgot it. I long had the honour of his friendship, and have spent many happy days in his company."

#### THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE PYRENEES—WHAT DID DOWTON SAY?

"Did you remark the peculiarity of the gentleman who has just left us?" said Russell, one day after dinner. "He is like the inimitable Dowton in one respect, in conversation he sometimes forgets to finish the subject, he has begun. He leads his auditors to expect great things at the commencement, and it all ends in an incomprehensible muttering—a sound, signifying nothing. Whether the story be true or not I cannot say, but I remember hearing of Dowton's having set a whole audience, actors, manager, orchestra, scene-shifters, prompter, all together by the ears one night through this peculiarity. Towards the close of the Peninsular war, some skirmishers from the English ranks,

during the heat of battle and pursuit, crossed the Spanish frontier, and fought and followed the French upon their own ground. The important news of the engagement (with which this circumstance was mixed up) arrived late in the day, and a nobleman who had been with the minister when the despatch was opened, came straight from the great man's table to the green-room. The performance of the first piece was just about to terminate, and Dowton was expecting to be called on the stage every moment, when Lord —, filled with the pride and circumstance of the glorious news, standing with his back to the fire, his motley audience around, began to relate some of the particulars of the fight.

“Dowton was swallowing the relation with greedy ears, when he was summoned by the call-boy. ‘Damme,’ he said, ‘it’s glorious—it ought not to be concealed a moment from the house.’

“Accordingly, having finished his part, he advanced hastily to the foot-lights, and, ready to burst with the news he wished to deliver, commenced a garbled statement of what he, in truth, had only partially heard—something thus :

“‘ *La-dies* and *gentlemen*.—I have the gratifying task—the honour—the delight, to inform you of most glorious news—news which has only this moment arrived—totally unknown, I firmly believe—ah—yes—to the public—that is to say—up to this

moment—ahem.—*La-dies* and gentlemen, another glorious victory has been achieved by our gallant army in Spain—that is to say, our troops have actually fought and conquered the enemy upon French ground — ahem — yes — Pyrenees crossed — great numbers slain, &c., &c., &c.'

"At this announcement, the audience rose in a state of excitement, and pit and gallery gave a tremendous cheer for the army—and one for Dowton.—‘Tell us the circumstance,’ cried one—‘Who told you?’ roared a second—‘Bravo, Dowton—three cheers for Wellington—Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !’

"As Dowton, in truth, hardly knew one-half of his story—was quite imperfect in his part, as we say, he found it impossible to satisfy the audience, and finished the announcement in his usual disjointed style. ‘Crossed the frontier, gentlemen and ladies,’ he said. ‘News this moment arrived—English army advancing—great number of the enemy killed—most glorious thing done by the British during the whole war !’ After which he bowed and retired, amidst a storm of applause.

"It happened that on this night the house was crammed from top to bottom, and the audience (especially those in the pit and gallery) were just in that crushed and uneasy state, when any movement is a relief, and even a regular row better than sitting still.

“No sooner had Dowton retired, in all the pride of having been the first to deliver a most gratifying piece of news to the audience, than the latter began to reflect, and wonder what it had all been about. ‘What did Dowton say?’ they inquired of each other, as they stood face to face in the pit; ‘Hanged if I know,’ said one, ‘He mentioned something about the English troops having crossed the frontier, fought a battle in France, and taken Bayonne, with a tremendous list of slain on both sides.’

“A story never loses when it passes rapidly from mouth to mouth; like the bullet which hit Sir Peter Teazle, twisted round the corner, and then killed the general-postman, with a double letter from Northamptonshire; it gathers more force as it flies. ‘What did Dowton say?’ inquired a swarthy lamp-lighter of an Irish hodman in the gallery. ‘By dad, I hardly know what he did say,’ returned Pat, ‘something about the French crossing the Pyrenees, and the English taking Paris.’ ‘No such thing,’ said a third, ‘Paris is not taken; Dowton said nothing about Paris, he only said, that a battle had been fought, and 50,000 men killed, and that the Duke of Wellington would be in Paris in twenty-four hours. ‘Dowton! Dowton!’ shouted the gallery. ‘Let’s have Dowton back, and know what the devil he has told us! ‘Dowton! Dowton! Dowton!’ shouted the pit. ‘Ah-h-h—Huzza—Off, off, off—No music—What, did Dowton say?’ Here followed screams,

cat-calls and every species of discord, noise, and whistling horror, sufficient to have scared the foe had he been within hearing. In the midst of which, 'Downton ! Downton !' and 'What did Downton say ?' was vociferated from every part of the theatre. Meanwhile Downton (little dreaming of the disturbance) was quietly taking off his theatrical costume in his dressing-room.

"'What in the name of Heaven,' said the manager, as the storm burst upon his ears; 'is the matter? Is the front of the house on fire. Hark! What are they shouting—'What did Downton say?' Well, what did Downton say? Does any one here know?' As Downton had not announced his intention of proclaiming the news, no one did know; and the question spreading behind the curtain, each man asked the other, so that before and behind, high and low, it was one continued roar of—'What did Downton say?' 'Zounds and the deuce,' said the manager, 'Pull the curtain aside; I'll go on and inquire what they mean.' So saying, the chief hastened before the curtain, and bowing at the foot-lights, begged the favour of being honoured by the commands of the audience. 'Off! off! off!' roared the pit. 'Downton ! Downton ! we want Downton !' bellowed the gallery. 'What did Downton say?' cried the whole audience. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said the astonished manager (as soon as he could gain a

hearing), ‘I am quite astonished—What did Dowton say?’ This unsatisfactory query was received with a perfect yell of impatience, and the manager, on being so fortunate as to obtain a second hearing, asked permission to retire, in order to seek Dowton, and inquire what he had said.

“‘Where’s Dowton?’ inquired the agitated manager, so soon as he had sheltered himself behind the curtain. ‘In his room,’ said the no less excited prompter.

“‘Be so good, Sir,’ said the manager, ‘as to seek him instantly, and ask him what he has said to the audience to cause this infernal riot. Tell him to come down as fast as he can.’

“Two or three of the underlings, upon this, quickly rushed to Dowton’s room; who by this time was nearly dressed in his every-day costume, and, to his surprise, informed him he must instantly make his appearance before the curtain.

“‘Eh?—What?’ said Dowton, ‘Me; why, what the deuce do they want?’ ‘They want to know what you have said,’ returned the messenger. ‘Eh—what, me?’ inquired Dowton, who had already forgotten all about his announcement; ‘Why, what have I said?’ ‘That’s what they want to know,’ returned the messenger. ‘Hark?’ said Dowton, on whom a light seemed to break, as he listened to the din through the open door. ‘The devil! What I said?’ he con-

tinued, as he hastily pulled on his great coat. ‘ Oh—ah—to be sure—what I said—eh ? Tell the manager I’m coming this moment.’

“ So saying, Dowton, who guessed the state of the case, as he hastily seized his hat and umbrella, rushed down the stairs, and, amidst the din he had created, bolted through the stage-door, and made his escape as fast as possible, leaving the whole house to find out as they best could, what he really had said—a satisfaction they were never fated to experience.”

#### THE POOR PLAYER.

‘ The days of adventure and romance in the life of an actor are over. Those were the times, when strolling was the fashion, and the poor players met with adventures such as only a Fielding or a Smollett could have described, when we performed in a Theatre Royal, perhaps one week, and in the best room of a village pot-house the next. Sometimes, when we arrived at a place where the townsfolks were fond of theatricals, the players were indeed, “ welcomed to Elsineur,” and we were cherished guests at many of the houses in the town. Feasted by day by the citizens, and admired by their wives from a side-box at night ; spending our money as lightly as it was gotten, and ‘ daffing the world aside’ with no thought for the morrow. The next stage perhaps the reverse of all

this, and the whole company, after nights of empty benches, almost in a state of starvation. Then would the great Tamerlane perhaps dine upon a turnip plucked from an adjoining field, and immortal Cæsar sigh, like Christopher Sly, for a pot of the smallest ale.

During a campaign of this sort in the county of Kent, I remember arriving with a companion, one miserable day, at a road-side inn, wet, weary, and without a cross in either of our pockets. The company of which we had been members were at that moment in such a distressed state, that they had found it necessary to disperse in different directions, and shift for themselves as they best could.

Our manager, whose funds were also in the most depressed state, and who, perhaps, was as much ashamed of his company as Falstaff of his ragged recruits, had quietly stolen off a few days before, without beat of drum, carrying with him nearly all our hopes of reaching the town of Folkstone, to which we were destined. It was under such circumstances that myself and companion put into the before-named road-side inn. In those days, your pedestrian generally made for the kitchen of the hostel, where he sat himself down on the bench beside, or under the chimney, and discussed his chop and tankard.

The inn we had reached (after having walked many miles since dawn) was one of those comfortable-

looking old edifices of a former day, a sort of building now becoming every year more scarce, with its porch, its sloping roof, and its large bay-windows flanking the entrance. Such an inn, as you see during the scenic hour, when the lover comes to awaken his mistress at dawn, and the breakfast table is brought out and placed beneath the old oak tree in the foreground. Alas! we are fast losing all such remembrances of Old England. Where we used to see the rustic hostel with its sign across the road, its horse-trough beneath the trees, its garden and orchard in rear, we have now the station, the hissing train, the vulgar gin-palace-looking railroad inn, and the iron line upon the land.

To return however to my story ; my companion and myself entered the kitchen of the inn and stood before the comfortable-looking fire to dry our saturated garments.

A man feels confident as an emperor when he enters an inn with full pockets, but it is quite the reverse when without a shot to pay the reckoning. Nay, mine host of the tavern, always appears to have an instinctively shy feeling towards such a guest.

“This is poor work, old boy,” whispered my companion, whose name was Muggins, as he looked ruefully at the roast before him, and then fumbled in his breeches pocket, like Pat trying to chase a stray sixpence into a corner, “it’s a regular case of ‘where shall I dine?’”

After half-a-dozen deep-drawn sighs, my companion in adversity became tired of contemplating what he seemed never fated to enjoy, and throwing himself full length upon the bench beside the hearth in pure melancholy, fell fast asleep. Equally dispirited, I seated myself in the opposite corner, and, with one leg thrown over the other, my left hand grasping my right ankle, remained rocking myself backwards and forwards, considering how we were possibly, under present circumstances, to reach our destination.

As I did so, I thought I felt something sewn up in the lining at the bottom of my trousers. Now, it so happened that I bought these continuations second-hand at a shop in the town where we had just before been performing, and had only worn them a few days. At first, as I continued to feel the substance with my finger and thumb, I thought it was merely an old button which had lodged in the lining. But, as I cogitated over it, my curiosity was aroused, and whipping out my penknife I ripped open the lining, and took it out. When I had done so, I found the affair, whatever it might be, was carefully enveloped in silver paper, and on unfolding it, the reader may easily conceive my surprise when a bright half-guinea saluted my eyes.

How quick the association of ideas when a man is wet and hungry. Hardly had I caught a glimpse of the glittering coin, ere my eyes were transferred

to the roast fowls, and thence rivetted upon two goodly saucepans on the fire.

I was just about to jump up, and, rousing my companion, call loudly about me, when I recollect that it was not for foot passengers (even in possession of half-a-guinea) to be too fast, and I resolved to have a bit of fun at the expense of my friend, as well as a good dinner. Without, therefore, disturbing the sleeper, I immediately sought mine host in the bar.

“Landlord,” said I, “touching those fowls before the fire?”

“Done to a turn, sir,” said the host, brightening up as he spied a promise of custom where he had hardly hoped for it.

“Are they ordered for any one in particular?” I inquired.

“They are not,” said the landlord, “they are for chance customers.”

“The chance be mine then,” said I, “dish them up quickly and quietly; flank them with the greens and bacon I suspect in those two saucepans, and support them with a couple of pots of your best home-brewed.”

Who shall describe the interest with which I watched the progress of preparation. My hand tightly clutching the piece of money which, like the wand of harlequin, enabled me to conjure the good

things upon the board, together with the alacrity of mine host of the tavern in my favour.

When all was ready, I awoke my somnolent friend, and rubbing my hands with glee, pointed to the feast.

“There’s a dinner, Muggins,” I said, “fit to set before the king, eh?”

After enjoying the look of hopeless desire Muggins cast upon the delicacies displayed, I sat myself down to table and invited him to follow my example.

Matthew Muggins was a short, dapper little gentleman, exceeding precise in manners, both on and off the stage, and generally played the line of character his appearance seemed to have marked him out for.

“What the deuce do you mean?” he said, drawing back as if playing a part, albeit, his surprise was anything but feigned.

“To dine,” I replied, “and that immediately.”

“Are you mad?” said Muggins, with a face of astonishment.

“Not quite,” I returned, “but well nigh starved, and that is sufficient to make any man half mad. Come,” I continued, sticking a fork into one of the fowls, and putting it on his plate, “begin, Muggins, begin; leave your damnable faces and begin.”

“Don’t be a fool, man,” he said, “we shall both be lodged in the cage.”

“Those are fools, Muggins,” I returned, “who see the good things of life within their reach and refuse them.” So saying, I forthwith separated the wing from the fowl before me, lathered it with sauce and gravy, and commenced eating like a famished wolf.

Nothing could exceed the look of astonishment and alarm Muggins’s visage now displayed. If he had been a “fu man,” instead of a fasting, I firmly believe he would have bolted from the inn and fled from the wrath to come.

“There’ll be a preeious row by and bye,” he said, ruefully.

“Row, or no row,” I replied, “do you mean to dine to-day? that is the question.”

“Good heavens,” said Muggins, glaneing round to observe whether the landlord was within hearing, “what do you mean? We have not a doit in the world to pay the score with; we shall both be set in the stocks or sent to prison.”

“Well,” said I, as I continued to feast, “be it so, Muggins; but, even granting we are in for it, I’ll make no lean gallows, as fat Jaek says. I’ll be punished with a belly full at all hazards. Here, landlord, a pint of your best port immediately.” Suffering human nature could stand no more. If poor Muggins (rest his soul) had a weakness, it was for a glass of port; nay, a bottle would not have sat uneasily upon his stomach at any time. He had

seen better days, as the saying is, and the perfume of the generous fluid, as I poured out a glass and offered it, overcame almost all his scruples.

He looked first to the right and then to the left, drew nearer and nearer to the table, eyed the glass of wine for a moment, as if in doubt, and then seizing it, hastily tossed it off.

“In for a penny, in for a pound, Muggins,” I said, “that is a saying both old and true.”

“By heavens, there is no use in disputing it,” returned Muggins, “if I’m hanged, drawn, and quartered for it, I must dine now, so here goes ; the devil that tempts me must pay for the dinner, for I cannot.”

So saying, he sat down and commenced eating at a terrific pace, as if he wished to get his food down his throat before the host caught him in the fact.

“Stop, Muggins,” I said, laughing, “for heaven’s sake, stop, or you will have a fit. The sight of a man eating his food like a tiger is enough to spoil any person’s dinner. Let ‘good digestion wait on appetite ;’ here’s wherewithal to pay the shot when all’s done, and help us on a few miles afterwards.” So saying, I lifted up my plate, and showing him the shining half-guinea beneath it, explained how I had found it.

## AN ARISTOCRATIC PARTY.

So great were the amusing powers of Russell, even in his latter days, that whilst he could enter into society, his company was much sought after.

To invite him was easy enough, and many of his friends were very glad to do so, the thing was to get him to accept, for although he was always in joyous spirits, on occasion of a party, he loved not feasting and revelry. His great delight was to steal away to some stream in the suburbs of London, and angle; and if by chance he could obtain leave to pursue his favourite diversion where there was anything like sport, not a Royal invitation would have lured him from the glassy stream. He even loved to loiter on the banks of a rivulet, and look at the rippling waters, although he had neither leave to throw in his line, or hope of sport if he had.

One day a young nobleman with whom he afterwards was intimate, promised to procure leave to angle in a friend's preserve, provided he would join a party of roaring blades, well known at that time for the eccentric way in which they amused themselves about town.

“I'll drive you down in my cab,” said his friend,

“ and show you where you can pull them out scores at a time.”

“ One at a time, my lord,” said Russell, “ will be quite enough for me.”

Accordingly at the appointed hour, Russell found himself seated at the festive board, in Liummer’s private house in George Street, Hanover Square, amongst a set of as thorough-going fast ’uns as ever kept the turn of tippling in any age.

With the exception of himself and one or two others, the party consisted entirely of noblemen ; some of them were officers of the Guards and Blues, all celebrated for the reckless style in which they defied the world, ‘ and bid it pass.’

With spirits of this sort, it might have been supposed that, with all his tact, Russell stood a chance of being somewhat out of his element, and accordingly one or two were inclined to quiz the old actor, and bear him hard. Those who did so, however, had the tables turned upon them in an instant, and so highly were all present delighted with his retorts, that they continued in roars of laughter from the beginning to the end of the revel.

Still, as the night wore on, there was an evident desire to strike the old stager, as they termed him, with astonishment. To get him under the table was found a hopeless attempt, as, although they themselves were somewhat flustered, Russell remained, telling his stories, with his imperturbable

smile and upright figure, and as collected as if he had only tasted a single glass of claret. Under these circumstances, a smash took place, sudden, startling, and terrific; glasses, decanters, and dessert-plates flying about in showers.

Russell saw the dodge in a moment.

“If they think to alarm me,” he said, “these practical jokers, they will find themselves mistaken. Go it, ye cripples!” he roared, as he started up, seized the decanter next him, and dashed it with all his force against the wainscot opposite, “curse the expense!” he said, as he shied a plate of preserves at the chimney-glass behind him, “Newgate’s on fire!” he cried, as he pitched the water-jug at the chandelier over-head, “go it, gentlemen, we will have a good smash now we are about it. Let us throw the tables and chairs into the street below, and then set fire to the room.”

At length the warfare ceasing from sheer lack of ammunition, the astounded attendants were ordered to clear away the fragments, and bring coffee, previous to the party starting for a midnight excursion through the town.

“I say, Russell, old boy,” whispered Lord ——, “mind you don’t get into W——e’s cab, if he asks you; if you do he will, perhaps, leave you in a ditch in Wapping; or, maybe, drive you slap through the Serpentine in Hyde Park. You’d better keep with me when we leave.”

"Russell," hiccuped Lord W——e, "you're a regular trump. I'll take you home."

"You be hanged," said the Earl of L——e, "Russell shan't go with you; you are drunk. You'll spill him and break his neck."

"Go with me, Jerry, my boy," said B——, "I'll take care of you."

"Settle it amongst yourselves, gentlemen," said Russell, "it's all the same to me. I'll go with anyone who will take me; only be good enough, whoever drives, to upset me as near my own door as convenient."

Eventually, however, Russell was persuaded by his entertainer to go with him, and the party descended to the street to seek their vehicles. A line of aristocratic-looking cabs, with green lights, and thick wheels, stood in the street; and into one of these Russell and his host jumped.

"Damme, but I'll smash you!" hiccuped Lord W——e, as he followed their example, and hastily got into his own cab.

"Sit tight, Russell," said ——, as soon as they were in; "for W——e will give us a run for it." And at the same time, giving rein to his magnificent steed, away they went into Conduit Street like the wind.

"Best get a fair field," said he, as they whirled across Bond Street, to Berkeley Square, "for W——e will smash us, and himself too, if he can."

"In this style," said Russell, "was I carried, full cry, through Berkeley Square, up Mount Street, and into Grosvenor Square. The pace was terrific, for our pursuer, being perfectly reckless of all consequences, whipped his horse furiously, with the full determination of smashing his friend's cab, if he could overtake it, whilst I was put upon duty, during this headlong career, to keep watch upon the enemy, ever and anon taking a hasty glance behind, so as to inform my charioteer on which side the danger threatened."

"If I can get a trifle a-head of him," said Lord —, "I'll get you out before W——e upsets either us or himself; for I well know he will never stop now till he does so; and I should not like to be the cause of breaking your bones, old boy."

"The deuce take me, if I get out," said Russell. "You promised to take me home, and I expect you will do so. I'll take all chances of capsizing by the way."

The great difficulty consisted in turning the corners; for their pursuer allowed for neither turns or anything else. A good smash was what he aimed at; and whether he sacrificed himself or friend was matter of indifference.

It was lucky for Russell that the horse he sat behind was better than the steed of their pursuer; and, consequently, after several narrow escapes, they

managed to keep somewhat a-head, and galloped furiously into Golden Square, where Russell lodged.

“There you are,” said Lord —, pulling up, “be quick, and jump out.”

“Ah, that’s very well,” said Russell, hastening to get out, “but you forget that the gout is in both feet. However, here goes.” And accordingly, he made the best of it, and jumped out the moment the cab pulled up at his door. “Good night, my lord,” he said, as he took out his latch-key, and hastened into the house. “Look out, here comes the enemy.”

As he spoke, the hostile cab came dashing up, and Russell, hobbling up stairs, threw open his chamber-window to see the result. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of the pursuing vehicle, as it was disappearing into one of the streets at the opposite angle of the square. The next moment an awful crash announced that Lord W——e had succeeded in smashing either himself or friend.

Thus ended the aristocratic party.

#### BETTERTON AND THE GHOST.

Amateuring is all very well, and extremely amusing to the amateurs themselves. They are the parties who really enjoy the fun ; but I question whether any body else does. To the audience, most

amateur performances that I have seen have proved but dull affairs, rather a bore than a treat. The great actor Betterton, once offered himself as an amateur in a country village, and considerably astonished the natives.

The circumstances were these. Betterton was staying at the house of a genuine old English Squire, in the north of England, when a company of strollers, arriving in the adjacent village, the manager waited upon the Squire, to solicit his patronage and a bespeak.

“ Show the fellow up,” said the Squire. “ Fore-gad, we’ll astonish his stomach with a glass of good liquor ! eh, Betterton ?”

“ We will so,” said Betterton. “ Do not say who I am, and we’ll have some fun with him.”

Accordingly the poor player entered the room, and bowing low, stated his wish for patronage and support.

“ Set ye down, man,” said the Squire, “ fill your glass, and we’ll see about it, after t’ bottle’s out.”

“ What’s the play to be ?” inquired Betterton of the manager.

“ Whatever his honour pleases,” returned the player.

“ Hamlet,” said the Squire ; “ I like to see ghost upon t’ stage hugely.”

The actor bowed.

“ And where do you play ?” inquired Betterton.

“ We have hired a room at the ‘Cabbage and Shears,’ ” said the player.

“ And who enacts the royal Dane? ” said Betterton.

“ For fault of a better, I myself represent Hamlet, ” returned the player.

“ I should like to try my hand at the ghost, ” said Betterton.

“ Have you ever played, Sir? ” inquired the player.

“ Humph! ” said Betterton, “ why do you ask? It’s not very difficult, I should conceive, to personate a ghost—ch, Squire? ”

“ I can’t observe, ” said the Squire, “ I never tried it. ”

“ The part is a magnificent one, ” said the player, “ we should be honoured by your taking it. ”

“ I will do so, ” said Betterton. “ Have you a volume of Shakespeare in the house, Squire? ”

“ Dang’d if I know, ” said the host, “ but we’ll send Thummas into library to look. ”

Accordingly, when Shakespeare had been dislodged from the shelf, Betterton handed the volume (containing “ Hamlet ”) to the manager, and desired him to find out the ghost’s part, in order that he himself, as he said, might see what he could make of it.

When the scene was found, Betterton proceeded to read it, regularly guying the part (as it is termed in stage parlance) and altogether so mouthing and marring the “good verse by reading it ill-favourably,” that the town-crier could have spoken the lines “less abominably.”

The manager, of course, was horrified, but at the same time, highly delighted with the prospect of an amateur and consequent full benches, applauded the attempt to the very echo ; and on retiring, announced to his company that he had secured a bespeak, together with one of the most awfully awkward amateurs that ever strutted before an audience.

“But what matters, my masters all,” he said, “the folks will come fast enough to see this stick of a fellow make an ass of himself, when they would not budge a foot to hear the best actor on the boards, not even the great Betterton himself, in *propria personā*. Happy man be his dole, say I, if he break down before he gets through ten words, so he brings us a house, it’s all one to me. But how I am to enact Hamlet to such a ghost without laughing outright is another affair.”

At rehearsal next morning, matters seemed even to wear a worse aspect, Betterton acted his part so “ill-well,” and the ghost was so incorrigibly awkward, that the company were put to it to keep their countenances. However, the amateur having

been duly announced, a capital account of full benches was the result.

The Squire and the aristocracy of the village being seated in chairs in front, constituted the dress circle ; the pit and gallery company (as was customary in those days) mobbing it with pipes and porter in the rear. A rumour that the amateur was a sorry stick, had crept amongst the spectators, and, in consequence, most of them were prepared for an exhibition of awkwardness when the “buried majesty of Denmark” received his cue. And now, the first scenes being got through, the portentous apparition, “with martial stalk,” suddenly appeared. Never was the great Betterton in better cue ; he was awfully majestic. The audience were struck with surprise ; you might have heard a pin drop. To say that Bernardo and his companion were astonished, would be to say little ; the great London actor threw such an awful dignity into the part, that he made them stare as though they beheld a real ghost before them.

As for the manager, if he had really seen his own buried sire before him, he could not have been more startled ; and when he beheld the stately apparition gliding from the wing, and beckoning him “with courteous action,” to a more removed ground, he was actually frightened, and, for once in his life, played his part without “overstepping the modesty of nature.”

“Mark me,” said the spectre, in deep, sepulchral tones, and fixing a dreadful eye upon the astonished manager, “mark me.”

“I do,” said Hamlet, in tremulous tones, looking as if really distilling to jelly with the act of fear.

“By Heaven I do, and I shall never forget you.”

#### SHERIDAN AND SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON.

Sir Lumley Skeffington wrote a piece for Covent Garden, and a very clever thing it was; but somehow or other, although Sir Lumley was a most gentlemanlike man, and of the most refined taste and feeling, we of the soek and buksin, as Master Shallow words it “could never away with him.” There was something so like the stage fop in his dress and manners, that most of the actors cast for his piece took it into their heads to dislike the man; nay, to so great a degree were many of us prejudiced, that we even took a dislike to his piece, and resolved to guy it in performance, and damn it, if possible, by reading it ill-favouredly.

I confess myself to have been, at first, equally prejudiced with the rest, but during the getting up of his drama, Sir Lumley came out rather, and displayed himself in so favourable a light, that I felt obliged to respect the man, although I could not approve his style of dress.

I was cast in his play for a lively character, and as Sir Lumley considered my part of extreme importance, he was very anxious about the dress he wished me to appear in.

So much care did he take on the subject, that he gave direction as to the fashion of my costume, and accordingly a splendid blue and silver doublet, with trunks and continuations to match, were put aside for my service in the wardrobe.

I must confess I was greatly pleased with the blue and silver; but to my chagrin, I one morning was informed by the wardrobe-keeper, that, by order of Mr. Sheridan, it had been transferred to another actor, and an inferior dress put in its place for myself. Although a good deal disgusted, I said nothing at the moment; but when Sir Lumley came to the next rehearsal (albeit I hardly expected he would venture to interfere with the arrangements of Sheridan) I mentioned the change, and my annoyance at it.

As I did so, I was surprised at the fierce glance of Sir Lumley's eye, usually so quiet and so mild.

"Changed, Mr. Russell?" he said, "the dress I ordered, and put aside for you myself changed!"

"Yes, Sir Lumley," I said, "and by no means changed for the better, a green rag, without a spangle to enliven it has been substituted. A dress, Sir, quite unfit for the character."

“ ‘Tis no matter, my dear Sir,” said Sir Lumley, his countenance resuming its usual bland smile; “ ‘tis no matter. It shall be changed again. Set your mind at rest, Mr. Russell; if my piece is performed, I pledge you my word, as a gentleman, you shall wear the blue and silver.”

Accordingly, after rehearsal, Sir Lumley, begging me to accompany him, waited upon Mr. Sheridan in his room. Sheridan (as those who recollect him will easily imagine) was an awkward man to beard in his sanctum; and it seemed to me that Sir Lumley, with his soft manners, and quiet smile, would not have much chance with him. However, having sent in his card, the baronet was ordered to be admitted, and we were both shown in. We found the great man seated before his table, and nearly buried in papers and manuscripts.

“ Mr. Sheridan,” began Sir Lumley, in bland accents, “ I have waited upon you in reference to a small mistake you have made.”

“ A mistake made by me, Sir?” growled Sheridan. “ It’s more than probable. I often make mistakes; having many matters to attend to, and small time to do them in, I must make mistakes, Sir.”

“ Nevertheless,” returned Sir Lumley, “ this is but a trifle. It must, however, be rectified.”

“ Humph!” said Sheridan; as much as to say, that depends. “ Well, Sir, what is it?”

“ It refers to a dress I had requested to be fur-

nished for Mr. Russell to wear in my piece," said Sir Lumley.

"There is no mistake about Mr. Russell's dress," interrupted Sheridan. "I have arranged differently for him. He cannot have the blue and silver dress, I want it for another character. The matter is arranged ; settled ; done with."

Sir Lumley quietly stepped round the table, and coming close to Sheridan, as the latter arose in some surprise, thus addressed him :

"Mr. Sheridan, allow me to observe that Mr. Russell shall wear the blue and silver dress, and which I myself had previously arranged with the wardrobe-keeper about. You understand me, Sir," he continued, laying his hand upon his breast. "You are a gentleman ; so am I."

Sheridan looked at Sir Lumley fixedly for a moment, but said nothing. He then sat down ; and the latter bowing, immediately turned and left the room, followed by myself.

What more passed between them, I know not ; but I recollect that, on the night of performance, I shone forth in the blue and silver, very much to my own admiration and content.

Another triumph awaited Sir Lumley. The actors could not damn his play. It is a positive fact that, although several of the performers tried all they could to guy the piece, its merits carried it through, and it was given out for repetition, amidst

great applause. After the night's performance, Sir Lumley came into the green-room, with his usual bland smile and shuffling gait, and invited all the performers to a splendid champagne supper he had ordered at the Hummums, and where he kept it up, and played the host till daylight.

#### SQUIRE SULLEN AND THE COCKED HAT.

I remember in early life belonging to a company, who were performing in the pleasant town of Worcester, a delightful place in those days, nay, the whole country round teems with Shakespearian reminiscences. Often, when we had a few day's holiday, we used to set off on a regular tramp, in search of localities which Shakespeare has hallowed in his historical plays: the 'bloody field,' for instance, as it is still called by the bumpkin who ploughs up its soil, where

False fleeting, perjured Clarenee, stabb'd Edward  
On the field at Tewkesbury;

not forgetting Berkeley Castle, and other localities. Indeed, every woodland scene, every wild chase, with its park-palings, Elizabethan Hall, and herded deer beneath the shade; and every road-side hostel in the adjoining county of Gloucestershire, Shakspeare seems to have set his mark upon. Then there were the Cotswold Hills to explore; and, above all, we

loved, when we came upon an old mansion, with its avenue, its porch, its diamond-paned windows in front, and garden in rear, to imagine it the Hall of Master Robert Shallow, where in his orchard he treated his friends to “a pipin of his own grafting.”

Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, are peculiarly associated with the wars of the Roses. Not a spot you can traverse, but the mind is impressed with a sort of shadowy recollection of the events that Shakspeare has so forcibly depicted.

Falstaff seems to revel in his march through this county. We can imagine him in his progress, halting with his ragged regiment at every road-side inn to refill his bottle ; keeping mine host in roars, at the pityful fellows he was dragging after him, and hiding his shame at their equipage, by making them sport for the exercise of his inimitable wit.

An infantry regiment was quartered at Worcester, during the time the company, to which I belonged, were playing there ; and, as I happened to know one or two of the officers, I was frequently their guest at the Hop-pole, where the mess was held.

The Hop-pole was an inn, well-known to most travellers ; one of those regular old English houses of entertainment, now almost deserted, and superseded, as before said, by the modern railroad hotel. Many a time have I heard the chimes at

midnight, whilst holding a revel at the Hop-pole, with the officers of the ——th light infantry.

One night, after playing at cards till near dawn, we sallied out on an expedition through the town, and changed the signs of all the inns and pot-houses we could find. After which, we nailed a whole pack of cards to the doors of the different inhabitants we knew. The noise and riot created during these nocturnal operations, calling together several of the watchmen and townsfolk, they attacked us with bludgeons, and half murdered one or two of our party. The officers behaved well, and drawing their swords, although assailed by at least six times their number, succeeded in gaining the inn, carrying myself, almost insensible from the blow of a club, along with them.

All, however, were more or less mauled by the enraged citizens, and it cost the officers something in purse as well as person, before they got clear of the affair.

During the performance of the "Beaux Stratagem," one night, we had several of these gay gentlemen of the blade at the theatre. It was a fashionable night, "a bespeak," and altogether displayed a most brilliant account of banches. Half the beauty and fashion of the county seemed present, I thought, as I glanced at the display of lovely females in the boxes.

In a stage box, I remember, there was present

a lady of great beauty, the wife of an Esquire resident in a neighbouring county. This lady was much admired by one of the officers of the ——th, a fine dashing young fellow, with whom I was particularly well acquainted.

On the present occasion, the lady in question was unaccompanied by her husband. He was more fond of his bottle than theatricals, or any other amusement. A regular Squire Sullen, quite unworthy of so lovely a partner, and she accordingly sought to forget her ill-conditioned spouse, and his neglect, by a flirtation with the handsome soldier by her side.

Just before the finish of the last piece, the young officer stepped into the green-room, and whilst he was there, the carriage of the Squire was announced to him as ready to take up the party.

“Where the deuce have I laid my cocked-hat,” said Captain B—.

As the hat had evidently fallen into some out-of-the-way corner, although we hastily searched “impossible places,” it was not at that moment to be found.

“I must hand her in,” said Captain B—; “Russell, lend me your hat.”

So saying, he snatched the cocked-hat with which I had been playing, from my hands, and rushed from the green-room.

I thought no more of the circumstance ; and as my friend the Captain had, I concluded, accompanied his friends home, I soon afterwards went to my lodgings.

Next morning, whilst I was at breakfast, the card of Squire Sullen (I may as well so call him, as I do not choose to give the real name) was brought to me, with a message that he requested an immediate interview.

Somewhat surprised, I desired him to be shown up, and a tall, bulky man, entered the apartment. After carefully closing the door, he produced from beneath his coat a cocked-hat.

“ Pray, Sir,” he said, “ may I request the honour of being informed if your name is Russell ?”

“ Russell is my name, Sir,” I said, “ Samuel Russell. May I beg the favour of knowing to what circumstance I am indebted for this visit ?”

The Squire gave a sharp and haughty glance at me, and continued :

“ May I further presume, Mr. Russell,” he said, “ that this hat, with a card fastened in its lining, is yours ?”

“ That hat, Sir ?” I said, looking at the hat.

“ Exactly, Sir ; is this your hat ?” again inquired the Squire.

“ Permit me, Sir,” I said, taking the hat from his hand, and looking into it, “ yes, that is the identical hat I wore last night in Aimwell, and afterwards

lent to Captain B—, as he had mislaid his own. I hope the Captain is well, Sir, and that no accident has happened to him.”

“Indeed,” said the Squire, whilst his countenance underwent a slight change, as if surprised at what I said ; “so then the murder’s out ; yes, Mr Russell, I believe that Captain B— is quite well. I beg pardon for having interrupted your breakfast, and have the pleasure to return the hat your friend borrowed last night.”

So saying, he, somewhat abruptly, took his leave.

Naturally surprised, as I pondered over his visit, I became anxious about my friend. His attentions to the Squire’s lady ; the loan, and abrupt return of my hat ; and, above all, the early call of the husband : all put together, gave me a presentiment of evil, that I could not for some time shake off. However, rehearsal of a new piece, and study of my part, wholly engaged me up to the time of dressing at the theatre, and it was not until the play was over, that I learnt the sequel.

“Have you heard what happened this morning ?” said a brother performer to me, in the green-room.

“No,” I said.

“Captain B— is dead. He was shot through the heart on the common on the Malvern road, by Squire Sullen.”

“Indeed,” I said, as my unlucky cocked-hat reverted to my mind, horror-stricken at the sudden announcement, “and what were the particulars of the quarrel?”

“Why,” said my informant, “I cannot exactly tell you. Squire Sullen called the Captain out, and shot him. That’s all I have heard.”

It was indeed, some time before I learnt the particulars of this duel, and when I did so, the catastrophe, as I suspected, was caused by my hat. The circumstances, as far as I could make them out, were these.

Captain B. escorted his fair friend home to the Hop-pole, where herself and spouse were staying, and the Squire, on his return, stumbled over my cocked-hat.

“Trifles light as air,” says the poet, “are confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.” A cocked-hat lying on the floor, with Samuel Russell written on a card, and pinned inside it, was no trifle for a jealous husband to stumble upon. And, therefore, without saying a word to his wife, he waited next morning upon me, and on my unconsciously betraying the truth, the Squire sought out the Captain.

“Captain B—,” he said, “I believe it is unnecessary for me to remind you, that last night you borrowed a cocked-hat at the theatre.”

“Upon my word, I had forgotten all about it,”

said the Captain, “if I did so, it has really quite escaped my memory.”

“It has also,” said the Squire, “quite escaped your memory to return it to Mr. Russell. I have, therefore, done so in your name.”

“You have done so,” said the Captain, as a vague misgiving came across his mind. “Where did you find it?”

“Where you left it last night,” returned the Squire, sternly. “Captain B—,” he continued, looking awfully irate, “more is unnecessary. You must meet me quickly, instantly. Till I have wiped out this wrong with your blood, I am in torment. Send your friend to Mr. ——, who will remain with me below, to arrange matters at once.”

In fine, the parties met on the common on the Malvern road. The Captain fired in the air at the moment the Squire’s ball pierced his heart.

THE PRINCE OF WALES THE CAUSE OF A SONG  
BEING INTRODUCED INTO “THE MAYOR OF  
GARRAT.”

Few princes, could be more condescending and agreeable in manner towards an inferior than the Prince of Wales, when he chose. Whilst performing at Tunbridge Wells, during the palmy days of that watering place, I had an opportunity

of observing as much. I was playing Jerry Sneak\* in the Mayor of Garrat, and, during the business of picking up the bundles and band-boxes under the eye of Mrs. Sneak, the Prince and his party came into the stage-box ; they were all in cue for a hearty laugh, and applauded poor Jerry to the echo. Nay, so delighted was his Royal Highness, that when I made my exit from that scene, he sent an aide-de-camp to desire I would come to his box, in order to be presented.

“I have been extremely diverted, Mr. Russell,” he was pleased to say, “with your acting, and wish to express my delight in person.”

I bowed, and was about to retire.

“Stay,” he said, “there is a song which I heard you sing last season, a comic song, called Robinson Crusoe, will you favour me with it to-night?”

“It is not in this piece, your Royal Highness,” I said.

The smile faded from the Prince’s features, and he loooked blank. “I was not aware of that, Mr. Russell,” he observed ; “I am sorry.”

I felt extremely sorry, too.

“Very young,” said one of the attendants at the back of the box, in an under-tone.

“Very,” said another, with a slight titter.

\* Mr. Russell’s acting in this piecee was so excellent that he was always called *Jerry* Russell by his brother performers.

“ Could it not be introduced ? ” said the Prince, as I was retiring ; “ I really should like very much to hear it, Indeed, I came on purpose.

“ I will ask the manager,” I replied.

“ And with his permission—” said the Prince, again smiling blandly.

“ I shall be most proud to sing it,” I said, bowing and quitting the presence.

Upon seeking the manager, he was thunderstruck at my *gaucherie*, as he termed it.

“ Why, man, it’s a command,” he said, “ go on instantly and sing it.”

“ But I cannot recollect a word of it, just now,” I replied.

“ Never mind ; go on at once ; sing something, anything ; sing an apology.”

“ No,” I said, “ I decline that. I must try and recollect the song, and introduce it when I find a fitting opportunity during the dialogue.”

Accordingly, much to the astonishment of brother Bruin, who knew nothing of what had passed between the Prince of Wales and myself, I suddenly asked him, “ if he had ever heard Poor Robinson Crusoe ; ” and, to his further surprise, commenced singing it to him.

“ Why, Russell,” he said, “ what the deuce are you at ? Why, the Prince and all his party are here to-night.”

“I know that,” I said, aside, “and that’s why I am trying to sing Robinson Crusoe.”

And thus was the song of Poor Robinson Crusoe introduced into the farce of the Mayor of Garrat, and in that farce it has ever since remained as the stock song of the piece.

#### THE MANAGER AND THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT.

A celebrated authoress\* wrote a drama, which she submitted to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Calling some time afterwards, she found that it had been mislaid; and, on again requesting an answer regarding it, the manager told her the manuscript was lost. It had been hunted for everywhere, he said, without success. Howbeit, he affirmed the piece, before its loss, had been read, and reported perfectly unfit for representation.

“That is all vastly well,” said the lady, “but you must return it to me, or else pay what I consider its worth, namely one-hundred pounds.”

“But I tell you,” said the manager, “its value is absolutely nothing. It couldn’t possibly be acted, madam. Its scenes are improbable, its dialogue incomprehensible, its plot ineredible. It is valueless, madam, utterly valueless.”

“To you, perhaps,” said the lady, “but not to me. So play or pay.”

\* I rather think Mrs. Inchbald.

In fine the money was paid.

A year afterwards, whilst clearing out an old closet, lo, the lost manuscript.

“ Damn the play,” said the manager, handing it to a friend who was present, “ it has cost me one-hundred pounds. Throw it into the fire. The very sight of it makes me sick.”

“ Stop,” said the friend, opening and looking at the manuscript, “ since it has cost a hundred pounds, let us consider the matter, and, if possible, put it upon the stage.”

After some controversy, the manager consented that the piece should be acted, and, to the astonishment of himself and friend, it had a tremendous run, and was the most successful drama that had been brought out for years.

#### ANECDOTE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

After the siege of Rodrigo, several Englishmen who deserted to the French, and were re-taken, were tried by court-martial, and ordered to be shot. They were all good specimens of the dare devils of the war, and bore their sentence with the greatest nonchalance. “ Take my shoes,” one of them said to a soldier near, “ they are better than yours, and you will want them.”

Whilst standing before a pit, which had been dug for them, and whilst the firing party were drawn

up, ready to give the fatal volley, another of the culprits, on looking down, and observing the hole half full of water, remarked to the man next to him, "you see they are going to give us a watery grave."

When the volley was fired, all fell but one man, who remained standing, apparently untouched. Some of the soldiers, horrified at the sight, were in hopes the unhappy culprit would have been permitted to live. But the indignation of the firing party against culprits, who had committed the heinous crime of fighting against them in the ranks of the enemy, was so great, that they did not give him a chance. Reloading in haste, several men ran up to the poor fellow, and blew his brains out.

"He thought he was going to escape," observed one of the firing-party, as they leisurely returned to the ranks, "but he was mistaken."

#### THE STINGY GENERAL.

A young man joined a company of strollers whilst in Kent, who had been in the army, and had got into some scrape, which obliged him to leave the service. He had been aide-de-camp to General —, who he described as a most parsimonious specimen of soldiership. The General was in command of one of the West India Islands, and

although his situation called for a certain exercise of hospitality, he was never known to give an entertainment, either to civilians, or military, all the time he was there. Nay, such was the niggard style in which he lived, that his aide-de-camp could never catch him, at advantage, during his hour of dinner, and so get chance of an invitation.

“He lives by suction,” said one officer.

“He must surely dine in the middle of the night,” said another. “Nay, I have been to him on business at all hours, and could never see any food on his table. And as for a glass of wine, or a tumbler of Sanagree, I don’t think he knows the taste of either one or the other.”

At length, an aide-de-camp, just appointed, discovered the mystery. This young officer frequently observed, that whenever he approached along a passage, leading to the General’s apartment, a sound was heard, like the shutting of a drawer; and a terrier dog, which accompanied him, always rammed his nose against the drawer of the table, at which the General sat and wrote his despatches. On approaching rather hastily, on one occasion, to apprise the great man of some news of import, the dog bounded in before him, and making for the drawer, before the General could close it, seized and carried off the remains of a cold capon, and so the mystery was solved. The General dined in a drawer. It was fitted up for the purpose, like a

canteen, with bottles, glasses, plates, dishes and other necessaries. In short, the General was detected, and the aide-de-camp ruined.

#### PICTON AT WATERLOO.

I once heard an anecdote of Picton, from an officer, who was himself at Waterloo.

Picton, I was told by this officer, was wounded the day before Waterloo, but had concealed his hurt, and with the most heroic fortitude remained in the field. During the night, however, the agony of his wound obliged him to send for a surgeon, who remained with him until dawn; and, on his leaving, Picton thus addressed him:

“You say that my wound is dangerous—mortal; that I am unfit for duty, and must be represented so to the Duke?”

“Such is my opinion,” said the medical man. “I think it would be impossible for you to take command of your division.”

“Leave me to judge of that, Sir,” said Picton, “and in the meanwhile, allow me to ask you a question. From your long knowledge of me, do you consider me capable of strictly keeping my word?”

“I have every cause to believe so,” returned the surgeon, “but why the question, Sir Thomas?”

“Simply for this reason,” returned Picton, “that I have made up my mind to be in the field with

my brigade ; and I give you my word of honour, both as a gentleman and a soldier, that if you place my name in your report as unfit for duty, I will shoot you with my own hand."

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders, shook Pierton by the hand, and withdrew.

The gallant General's name was accordingly omitted amongst the wounded ; and, as his wish had often been expressed, that he might die amidst the blaze of battle, he was gratified.

#### THE DUKE AT WATERLOO.

Whilst the Duke was cantering along the field, just before the battle began, and looking precisely as he might often have been observed when taking his ride through Hyde Park, he suddenly pulled up, put his glass to his eye, and remained looking intently at a group of mounted officers on the enemy's side.

They were Napoleon and his staff.

Whilst the Duke was observing them with some little curiosity, an aide-de-camp, seeing they were within cannon range, suggested that some balls might immediately be sent amongst them.

The Duke took his glass from his eye in a moment, glanced indignantly at the officer, and peremptorily forbade any such measure. Clapping spurs to his horse, he pursued his career ; and, with a cheerful

smile, whilst his eye was everywhere, he conversed occasionally upon matters of moment, despatched his messengers, and made his arrangements, as any other man would have done at a review.

Nothing, perhaps, in any age, could compare with the coolness, nonchalance, and at the same time consummate skill and wisdom with which the Duke moved the springs of the battle. There was, I have heard, not the slightest trace of excitement to be observed in his countenance or actions during the day. Minutes seemed years to men whilst the amazing pounding and wholesale slaughter was going on; but the Duke went and came, ordered matters and repaired disasters, as if at a sham fight or a review.

That men counted the minutes of their lives while exposed to such slaughter as they saw around them, is evident from the following anecdote, which I had from the mouth of an officer of the Scotch Greys.

Whilst the Greys were advancing through a shower of missiles, which knocked them about like ninepins in a bowling green, Major Clarke, one of the officers, addressing the comrade next him, made this inquiry —“How many minutes have we yet on earth, Chesney?”\* “Three, at the very utmost, I should say,” returned the other. “Nay, perhaps not one.”

\* Then Lieutenant Chesney, Scotch Greys.

The next moment they were upon the enemy : and minutes, hours, and death itself were forgotten in the scene of slaughter which ensued.

Both these officers survived the battle ; one (afterwards Colonel Clarke) told me he had five horses shot under him. The desperate bravery of the Seoteh Greys was indeed subject of comment and admiration, even amongst the French, long after the battle.

#### ANECDOTE OF CORUNNA.

I have been told, by one who stood by in the field and looked upon the sight as he leant upon his musket for a few minutes during the battle of Corunna, that nothing could be more affecting than the sight of Sir John Moore as he was carried off the field.

Six splendid-looking Highlanders in their picturesque costume (their mouths black with gunpowder, their marked features bearing a stern yet sorrowful expression, the dark plumes of their bonnets waving mournfully to their steps) bore him in a blanket past the soldier. To the rear a spring-eart was brought up as they slowly moved on, but the Highlanders would not consent to their wounded commander being placed in it. "We can carry him more gently ourselves," they said ; "and by keeping step carefully, there will be less motion."

In this way (the blanket soaked with blood) they bore their agonized burden to the rear. Sir John, while he was being thus carried, I understand, expressed great anxiety about Sir Arthur Paget. He seemed to wish to look on that chivalrous officer before he died, and to take a last farewell of him. "Where is Paget?" he inquired; "where is Paget?"

The soldier who gave me a description of the scene, a grenadier of the 50th, gave me also an anecdote of one of his officers (Captain Cluny), who commanded the grenadier company of that regiment. This officer carried a heavy stick in his hand, and whilst the fire was very fierce, he saw, immediately in front, a party of the enemy, lying perdue behind a sort of turf battery they had thrown up. Dashing at the spot, he sprung over the impediment, and (being a powerful man, more than six feet in height) he laid about him with such amazing strength and resolution, that in a few minutes he had either stricken down or captured the whole party (six in number); and this, too, without drawing his sword. He had, indeed, beaten them to his heart's content with his heavy stick, and on some of his men coming up, the whole were handed over to them and secured.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S SPEECHES.

As specimens of military eloquence, few orations in any age were more to the purpose than those of Sir Charles Napier to the soldiers under his command in India.

Eloquence is certainly a qualification which every general of an army should possess ; though, in our own times, it is not so requisite as in the days of fine orations, when the Roman Generals were wont to harangue their legions ere leading them to victory.

The addresses of Sir Charles Napier more resemble the speeches of the Roman Generals than any since given by the leaders of armies to their soldiers. They are perfect specimens of military eloquence ; every word going straight to the heart and feelings of the men, striking terror to the evil doer, and giving the greatest encouragement to the good subject. Every sentence, too, is filled with that true duty, indomitable resolution, patriotism, and high sense of honour and devotion to the profession of arms, which should always pervade the breast of the British soldier.

Indeed the energy and perfect soldiership of Sir Charles Napier will not in a hurry be forgotten in the East, and his very name was terrible, even amongst those desperate and fierce warriors who

owned no law but the sword. They called him the Devil's Brother, whilst the English termed him the Soldier's Friend.

#### CAPTAIN PERCIVAL IN THE PYRENEES.

Captain Percival belonged to the 3rd battalion of the Rifle Corps ; he was, I think, either nephew or brother to the Percival who was shot by Bellingham. He was skirmishing in the Pyrenees, and a ball struck him in the hand. "They are giving me something in hand, my lads, at any rate," he observed, as he bandaged the wound. A serjeant ran up to assist him ;—whilst doing so, a ball hit the Captain's other hand. "Well," he said, "they have crippled me *indeed now*." As they were engaged tying up the second wound, a third bullet struck him in the thigh, and he fell. Two or three men carried him away to find a surgeon, and in the bustle they got amongst the French, and all were taken prisoners.

The man who told me this, was the soldier who assisted Percival. He said he was a glorious fellow. The same man was, I think, afterwards his coachman in England when the war was over.

## AMATEURING AND DUELLING AT CHELTENHAM.

Cheltenham used in former days to be celebrated for the style in which amateur theatricals were got up, and the display made on those gala nights, wherein Colonel Berkeley (now Lord Fitzhardinge) and his party were wont to exhibit on the boards. On such occasions, in consequence of the care and supervision of the gallant colonel, and the aid he procured from association with some of the best London performers, a night of the Berkeley amateurs was indeed a treat. There seemed a Shakspearian flavour about the whole thing that was delicious. The amateurs were, for the most part, men of high birth, who, dressed in brilliant costume, appeared to advantage in the parts they played, aye, and played in superior style, too, whilst the audience was entirely composed of the visiting noblemen and gentry with their families, who at that period made Cheltenham one of the most delightful and fashionable watering-places in England. Somewhat before this time, an amateur made his appearance at Cheltenham, whose intensely Irish style and manners exceedingly amused all who knew him. His name, we will say, for the nonce, was O'Sullivan, and of all the mad-headed, rollicking specimens of the Emerald Isle, he was one of the wildest, perhaps, that ever visited Cheltenham; a

regular sample of a buck of his day, full of humour, and ready to drink, dice, or fight with any man in the three kingdoms.

As he was visiting Cheltenham, in expectation of making his fortune by some lucky hit in the matrimonial line, an appearance before the foot-lights might, he thought, give him interest in the eyes of the dear creatures, and perhaps bring him luck. He was all for producing an effect, and how he effected it, he cared not. "Once make a sensation in a watering-place," he affirmed, "and the day is your own." Amongst other mad freaks, he took it into his head one morning to festoon the well-walk with bills of the performance in which he was to appear. He had procured the bills from the printer's the night before, and running lines across the walk, from tree to tree, they were fluttering over head when the company arrived. In those days, Cheltenham was in the zenith of its fame, and the bills made quite a sensation among the promenaders. O'Sullivan strutting up and down, enjoying the conceit beyond measure. "By the powers," he said, "but that is something like an advertisement. 'Octavian, by Cornelius O'Sullivan, Esq., gentleman amateur.' Oh, it's delicious."

For some reason or other, though no one could tell why, a gentleman present on the walks that morning, took exception at O'Sullivan's mode of advertizing his debut. "By Jove, Sir," he said to

a friend, “he ought either to be called out, or horse-whipped round the pump-room, with his play-bills hung about his neck.”

As this choleric person, who we will name for the nonce, Mr. Jones, was an exceedingly disagreeable subject, a man like Sir Benjamin Backbite, whose conversation was a perpetual libel upon all his acquaintance, he was disliked by almost every one who knew him; and accordingly, some brother snake egged him on in his design of calling O’Sullivan out.

“By all means call him out, Sir,” said the friend; “send to him immediately—this very morning, and spoil his breakfast. He is an errant coward, Sir, and I’ll bet a cool hundred will bolt from the town half an hour after receiving your cartel.”

“Will you bear the message?” inquired Jones. “If so, I’ll teach the fellow to disfigure the promenade in that fashion, with his cursed amateur bills.”

It happened that several friends, and some actors, were breakfasting with O’Sullivan on that very morning, as the latter intended to rehearse; consequently, whilst they were discussing the meal, a message was brought, that a gentleman, named Jones, whose card at the same time was tendered, begged the favour of an interview.

“What the devil does the gentleman want at this hour?” said O’Sullivan. “Go down, O’Grady,”

he continued to one of his party, "and ask him up."

In a few moments O'Grady returned. "By the powers, O'Sullivan," he said, "you have made a terrible sensation with your play-bills this morning. Here's a challenge for you."

"A what?" returned O'Sullivan, jumping up, and turning to his friend, "a challenge? Ah, now, don't excite a fellow's feelings for nothing. It's funning me, ye are, O'Grady."

"By Jove," said O'Grady, "I never was more in earnest in my life. There's a gentleman below, who says you have offended him in some way I cannot comprehend, and he insists upon your either making an apology in the Cheltenham papers, or leaving the place."

"Is that all he asks?" said O'Sullivan, in still greater glee. "By the powers, then I am in the devil's own luck this morning. I shall play to-night and fight to-morrow. My reputation is made with the ladies for ever. Shew the gentleman up by all means, O'Grady."

When the hostile visitor appeared, he was received in the most business-like fashion. In fact, the thorough Irish way in which his position was recognised, a little dumbfounded him; so that after he had repeated his message, in rather less assured tones, he found himself and friend completely in for a field day. In fact, O'Sullivan was

for fighting immediately. He never troubled himself to refer to either of the alternatives offered. He only referred the gentleman to Mr. O'Grady to settle preliminaries, with strict injunctions to let the thing come off as soon as convenient. And then, as the two seconds immediately withdrew, he sat down to resume his breakfast.

"Where shall we stick 'em up," said O'Grady, when he had been shewn into another room with his brother second, "sure there's very good ground near the Prestbury Road, on the Cotswold Hills."

"But," said the other who began still more to wish to back out, "had we not better discuss this business a little further, ere we proceed to extremities."

"By the powers I don't see what we have to discuss," returned O'Grady, "you brought a message to my friend, did you not?"

"True," said the other, "but my friend considers."

"To the deuce with all consideration," said O'Grady, "you have called us out, and we mean to accept the call, and that's the plain Irish of the matter."

"But I feel sure that the most trifling apology will satisfy my friend."

"Sir," said O'Grady, sternly, "if you mention that alternative again I shall consider it a personal affront to myself; apologising is quite out of the question with an O'Sullivan of Castle Connell. The word is not in his vocabulary, unless, indeed,

your principal is willing to apologise for having sent you here this morning ; in that case I am ready to dictate the words."

"That is indeed impossible," said the other, "we had better at once proceed to business."

"Of course," said O'Grady, "and the matter will not take us half a minute to arrange : in the first place, do you like the ground I have mentioned. It is quiet, convenient to the road, and mighty pleasant, and healthy in the early morning."

"I suppose it's as good as any other," said his brother second, dolefully.

"Just the place, I pledge my word," said O'Grady, "now for time."

"Is four too early?"

"Not a bit," said O'Grady, "we need not go to bed at all to-night."

In short, the parties met at four o'clock on the Cotswold Hills, as had been arranged. Several of O'Sullivan's Irish friends attending to see the duel ; yes, met to fight a duel, in which one or both might fall, without having the slightest animosity towards each other, or even any previous acquaintance ; and above all, the party who sought the quarrel, was a man who, from the circumstance of his being constitutionally unfitted for such an encounter, ought to have been the last man to seek it. Never, indeed, could any challenger, I should think, have been more averse to fight the person he had

called out, than Mr. Jones seemed on that eventful morning. Bob Acres was a hero in comparison. He at once addressed himself to his adversary, on his arrival on the ground, a thing, by the way, quite out of rule; and expressing himself satisfied with his behaviour, desired that the affair should proceed no further. "It's altogether a mistake, Mr. O'Sullivan," he said, "I am quite satisfied, quite."

"A mistake, is it?" returned O'Sullivan, looking hard at him. "By the powers there's no mistake in the matter, Mr. Jones. You have called me here to fight, and by St. Patrick, I don't mean to go back to be laughed at, therefore take your ground."

"But I wish to explain," urged Mr. Jones, who, indeed, seemed to be growing more nervous every moment, "I never did say—"

"Take your ground," interrupted O'Sullivan. "Take your ground, Sir," he cried, as Mr. Jones was walking past the spot indicated by his second. "Turn, Sir, turn; or by Jove I'll shoot you through the back."

It did indeed seem doubtful whether Mr. Jones would not actually run away; and again O'Sullivan, who was now in a terrible state of excitement, called after him: "Turn and fire, you spalpeen, or I'll shoot you through the back."

The second of Mr. Jones now called to him at

once to attend to the signal, and immediately gave it, "one, two, three ;" and at the last word Jones fired.

No shot was, however, returned by O'Sullivan ; but he turned to his fellow-countrymen, who were seated on the grass, on his right, after the true Irish fashion on such occasions. "By the powers," he said, "the gentleman shoots very unaisily, you'd better get lower down the hill, or he may hit you, boys."

"But you have not fired yourself," said O'Sullivan's second, approaching him.

"Not a bit," returned O'Sullivan, "nor shall I do so till I am fired at. The gentleman never looked my way at all ; he fired at the pump-room 'yonder, in Cheltenham, I'm thinking.'

"My principal declines firing again," said Mr. Jones's second.

"Then," said O'Grady, "the thing's settled ; and as Mr. Jones feels satisfied, we will leave the ground."

Accordingly, upon Mr. Jones expressing himself satisfied with Mr. O'Sullivan's very handsome behaviour, the parties bowed ceremoniously to each other, and left the ground. I heard afterwards that Mr. Jones took considerable credit to himself in society for having been *out*. It therefore struck me as possible, that the real circumstances of the duel were not promulgated by him. For certainly it was quite a new circumstance in the annals of such

affairs, for a gentleman to boast of having been threatened with a shot through the back.

#### STEPHEN KEMBLE AND THE HIGHLAND THANE.

Stephen Kemble used often to laugh at the strange candidates who presented themselves for first class business when he was manager at Durham. One day, a tall, raw-boned Highlander begged to be allowed to give a specimen of his powers in *Macbeth*.

“My dear Sir,” said Kemble, “you could not possibly act the part. It’s only wasting my time to listen to you.”

“Hoot tout!” said the Scot, “what for could I no act it—eh?”

“I must decline giving my reason,” replied Kemble.

“Wull ye no’ hear me, mon, before ye decide?” urged the Scot. “I tell ye I’ve a grand conception o’ the part. I’ll gie ye just one touch whether ye will or no.”

And immediately starting back as if a bullet had hit him, he commenced the dagger scene.

“Is that a dagger that I see before me? gad! be here—let me get a grip o’ ye—”

“Stop, stop, for heaven’s sake!” said Stephen; “I really cannot bear any more.”

“What’s wrong, mon ?” said the Scot ; “what’s ailing ye ? Let me finish the speech—I’m just coming to the grandest touch of all.”

“It really will not do, my good friend,” said Kemble. “Pray do not go any further.”

“But why ?” inquired the Scot.

“You’ve too much accent, since I must tell you,” replied Kemble ; “a most hideous accent !”

“Me too much accent !” said the Highlander. “Why, I was educated at the Marischal College, Aberdeen !”

“It does not signify,” said Kemble, impatiently. “I am sorry to say that Macbeth in broad Scotch would never do.”

“Hoot !” returned the candidate, “ye’re no blate mon. I’ve not a bit too much aecent—and if I had, what’s ado ? Was na Macbeth a Scot himsel, eh ?”

“True,” said Kemble ; “and so was Duncan—I had forgotten that.”

“Aye, was he,” returned the candidate, “and Macduff, and Malcolm, and all the whole clanjam-fray—all Scots, every chiel o’ them.”

“Except old Siward,” said Kemble, laughing.

“Aye, but he was a North countrymon,” returned the candidate.

“True,” said Kemble, “I had forgotten that also. And doubtless, he spoke with a North-umberland burr. How odd that we should never

have thought of all this before, and so given the dialogue of Macbeth in broad Scotch. However, my good Sir," continued the manager, "as the English public do not quite understand the Scotch dialect, we have, ever since Shakspeare wrote the play of Macbeth, translated it into English upon the stage."

"Then ye wunna accept my services," inquired the Highlander.

"I am sorry they are not available," replied Kemble, bowing the candidate out, who, in quitting, vowed he would go up to London, where his talents would be properly appreciated.

#### HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF PUDDING.

It is extraordinary how fond many people are of running after monstrosities and sights of horror. Some time ago we had half London rushing to see that miserable idiot, Oxford, who, instead of being whipped at the cart's tail, was consequently led to imagine himself a hero.

"In England," as that amusing scamp, Trinculo, has it, "when they will not give a doit to assist a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Half a century back, it was the fashion amongst people of condition, to make parties of pleasure, to go and spend a morning among the unfortunate

inmates of Bedlam. A gentleman of my acquaintance once had a narrow escape during a visit of this sort. He went with a large party to see Bedlam, and after having visited many of the patients, they were invited to enter a room tenanted by a very dangerous subject; one of the most ferocious patients at that time tenanting the hospital.

This unhappy person, however, could at times be as gentle, to all appearance, as a lamb; whilst, perhaps, the next moment, he was capable even of springing upon his keeper, if alone, and strangling him in an instant. The visitors were admitted to a sight of this person, under escort of several keepers, and they conversed for some time with him, with considerable satisfaction, as he appeared a clever and intelligent person. Whilst they did so, my friend, who, from curiosity, had entered a small dressing-room, or closet, in the apartment, on re-entering the room, beheld the door closing upon his party, and himself forgotten. He was about to spring forward and pull open the door, when the madman in an instant anticipated his movements, and placing his back against the door, confronted the visitor; and the pair stood for some moments staring at each other, without uttering a sentence. The situation of the visitor was sufficiently alarming. It was something like being caged with a tiger. Whilst the eye of the maniac remained fixed upon the visitor, the latter heard the retreating footsteps of

his party, as they gradually died away in the distance. Suddenly, as the madman continued to glare upon the visitor, he executed a most ghastly grin, and putting his hand into his bosom, drew from beneath his waistcoat a sharp knife, which, doubtless, he had managed to secrete there. His first purpose seemed mischievous. He swayed his body to and fro, like some beast, just about to spring. And had the visitor relaxed the steady look he kept upon the very pupils of the dreadful eyes opposed, his throat would, doubtless, have been gashed from ear to ear in an instant.

To call out, would probably have but anticipated matters, and feeling that a few moments would be all he could endure of this scene, the visitor began to consider his life as spanned. Suddenly, however, as the left hand of the madman fumbled nervously in his waistcoat-pocket, he discovered something which changed the current of his thoughts. He drew from his pocket the substance he found there, cut it in half with his knife, and springing upon the astonished visitor, thrust the portion between his teeth like a bolus.

“Have a little bit of pudding,” he said, with a diabolical grin, as he munched the remaining piece he had reserved for himself, and which was, most probably, a small remainder of the hard dumpling he had saved from his dinner.

Whilst the visitor, in no small trepidation, con-

tinued to work his jaws, in accompaniment to the madman's, he suddenly heard hasty footsteps approaching, and the door being unloeked, the head-keeper, pale as a ghost, rushed into the room.

"My good Sir," he said, as he seized the visitor by the arm, and thrust him out into the passage, "how could you be so indiscreet? it's a miracle you were not torn to pieces. Whilst within these walls I beg you will keep with your party."

It is unnecessary to say that my friend promised to do so, and as he had no wish again to owe his life to a little piece of pudding, he quickly got outside the walls of Bedlam.

#### JUNOT AND THE ENGLISH.

"I remember," said an old 95th man,\* "whilst in Spain, hearing how lightly the French had esteemed us, before finding out what sort of stuff we were made of. Some of the prisoners we had taken, communicated to our men that General Junot, when he heard that the English were in Portugal, had made a speech, and told his army that they would quickly teach the English a lesson. "When we get at them," he said, "we will drive them into the sea in a very short time."

\* Benjamin Harris, 95th Regiment.

## THE MAYOR OF FOLKESTONE.

Soon after I commenced my theatrical career, said an old actor of the Kemble school, the strolling party to which I belonged went to Folkestone, in Kent. A most extraordinary place at that period, a town of smugglers I may call it, for almost all the inhabitants seemed, one way or other, to be connected with that calling, and a more reckless set, than than the amphibious race, constantly prowling about its curious streets and thoroughfares, was seldom seen.

The mayor of this singular town gave us a bespeak on this occasion; and as he professed himself a great admirer of Shakspere, and a capital judge of acting withal, he invited a large company of his friends to see us play at his own house. The arrangements made for the representation were rather singular. A large apartment on the ground-floor being appropriated as the theatre, a row of candles fixed to a plank, served for the foot-lights, and a curtain was fashioned, to serve for exits and entrances; so that, what with want of space, and other inconveniences, we were so huddled and jumbled together during the performance, that it was a perfect scene of confusion, from beginning to end.

The mayor, who was evidently a humourist and

a cunnerier fellow than we had given him credit for, sat enthroned in a great chair in front of the audience. One gouty foot rested upon a stool, well propped with cushions ; a huge punch-bowl, placed upon a table, was on his right ; and his daughter, a very beautiful girl, was on his left. In fact, with his pipe in his mouth, and portly person, "his fair round belly, with good capon lined," his mayorship made a very dignified appearance.

Our company had, however, in their own conceit, resolved that the entire audience were an ignorant set, and, together with the chief magistrate, quite unable to appreciate their efforts.

Hamlet was the piece named by the mayor ; and acting in the above-named supposition, we resolved to guy the play, which, in stage parlance, means to parody, mispronounce the words, and altogether murder a drama, by ill-acting it. The mayor of Folkestone, however, was not such an ass as the players had esteemed him. He made sundry exclamations and interruptions in his own rough way, whenever he detected any deviation from the text, and at last, smashing his pipe upon the floor, he interrupted the performance, and gave the offenders a lecture on the spot.

The player-king, in his introductory speech, it seems, had quite offended him, by giving, with sundry grimaces, à la clown, and with a broad Kentish accent, the words somewhat thus :

“ For huz and for our *trag-ge-de*,  
Here stooping to your mayor-al-te,  
We beg your hearing patient-le.”

“ Stop there comrades,” cried the Mayor, “ we have given you a hearing rather too pa-tient-le for some time. Now, I give you warning, that if you treat us to any more of your ro-per-re, I’ll call some of my fellows from the other end of the room, and have you tossed in a blanket. Therefore, mess-mates, mind how you play us any more tricks, in regard to mispronouncing the words of your author. *Trag-ge-de* is not in the page of Shakespeare ; nay, if you can find it so spelt there, I give you my honour, I’ll fill this punch-bowl with guineas for you.”

It is needless to say that after this lecture we played our parts in a somewhat better style, and held the Mayor of Folkestone in greater respect.

#### GARRICK AND THE INTRIGUING FOOTMAN.

When the immortal Garrick was in the zenith of his fame, one of the performers, who was about to have a benefit, wrote a farce, which he begged the great man to allow him to produce on the eventful night.

As it was contrary to rule for a new piece to be represented on occasion of a benefit, the request was at once refused by Garrick.

“Oh, but my dear Sir,” urged the performer, “do pray for this once break through the regulation.

“‘Wrest once the law to your authority.  
To do a great right, do a little wrong.’

“There is one scene in my piece, which will make an immense hit, cause such shouts of laughter, such rounds of applause; you have, indeed, no conception how it will take the house by storm.”

“To answer by the book,” said Garrick, “I can only say it must not be. There is no power in Venice.

“‘Can alter a decree established—  
Twould be recorded for a precedent.’”

“Well,” urged the performer, “only let me have it rehearsed before you, and I am sure you will grant my request. You will almost tumble out of your box with laughter.”

“Let me read the piece,” said Garrick, “in order that I may judge of this famous hit of yours.”

“No, no,” said the other, “that is precisely what I do not wish. It must be seen, Sir, for the great effect to be properly appreciated. It wouldn’t read a bit, not a bit. You must see it, Sir, in order to understand the wit of it.”

At length, after much solicitation, Garrick consented to allow the piece to be rehearsed, and as he

really began to think there must be something in it worthy of notice, several gentlemen of histrionic celebrity made a party that night, to the great tragedian's box. The rehearsal of the piece, which I believe was named *The Intriguing Footman*, went on quietly, and we must needs say dully enough, till the last act, in which the great hit was to be made. This, however, was a settler. The Intriguing Footman, the hero of the drama, in this act was discovered making love to the nursery-maid, having adventured into the nursery during the absence of the master and mistress of the establishment. In the midst of a very tender scene, the lovers are supposed to be interrupted by the unexpected return of their employers. Driven to extremity, footsteps being heard on the stairs, the pair are at their wits end, when suddenly the nurse thinks of a plan by which she hopes to conceal her lover. Thrusting the cradle with the sleeping infant out of sight, she persuades John to kneel down and poke his head through a hole in a small chair, and a sheet being thrown over his shoulders, she places herself before him, and on the entrance of her lord and lady commences feeding him with pap. The stratagem so far succeeds, the nurse feeds away, and the footman swallows the mixture with apparent relish, whilst the master and mistress carry on a dialogue in front.

To paint the astonishment of Garrick and his dis-

tinguished party at the absurdity of the situation, would be difficult ; and when the scene finished, they certainly were reduced to such roars of laughter, that they were obliged to hold fast to each other, for the footman having been deprived of the entertainment and supper his mistress had promised him, and being very hungry withal, was so delighted with the sweetened pap, that he suddenly forgot himself, and on the pipkin running low, to the no small astonishment of my lord and lady, roared out, “more pap, more pap.”

“ Oh Lud, Oh Lud,” cried Garrick, “ that is certainly a great hit.”

“ I told you so,” said the delighted author, as he presented himself at the door of the box, “ is it not funny, gentlemen ? You of course accept my piece.”

“ No, no,” said Garrick, wiping his face with his pocket-handkerchief, “ excuse me, my dear Sir, no more pap, no more pap.”

#### A NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING EXECUTED BY MISTAKE.

“ I was once playing in my early career, in a small sea-port town, on the Kentish coast,” said an old actor of the Kemble school, “ when, together with three companions, I narrowly escaped being shot.

“ In the last act of the piece in which we played, myself and three other performers represented four brigands, under sentence of a court-martial, and to be shot by a file of musqueteers.

“ It so happened, that during the run of the drama in question, the property-man had been in the habit of borrowing the carbines for our party from some men of the 18th Hussars, at that time quartered in the town, and doing nightly duty in the lanes and thoroughfares of the neighbourhood, looking after smugglers. One night, during the performance of the before-named drama, just as myself and fellow-culprits were drawn up at the wing of the stage, whilst the soldiers, with carbines levelled, waited for the word to fire, as we bared our breasts, and heroically called upon the men to do their worst, a serjeant of the Hussars rushed upon the stage :

“ ‘ Stop, stop,’ he said, in a loud voice, and with a face as pale as death, ‘ for Heaven’s sake don’t fire.’

“ As he uttered these words, the serjeant struck up the levelled carbines, and then, gathering them under his arm, quitted the scene, as abruptly as he had entered it. A few minutes more, and the manager stepped upon the stage to explain.

“ ‘ The hussar who had just quitted the stage,’ he said, ‘ was the person from whom the carbines had been borrowed. His custom was to draw the

ball cartridges from them when the men came off duty, and then to deliver them to the property-man of the theatre. In the hurry of duty that morning, he had forgotten to draw the bullets from the carbines, and it was only a few minutes before that the fact had flashed across his brain. In short, he had only had time to rush to the play-house, where he arrived just at the moment the fatal volley was about to be fired.'

"It is almost needless to say that after this escape, myself and fellow culprits looked at each other rather significantly, and resolved, for the future, to have an eye to the loading of the muskets of the firing-party ourselves, ere we submitted to their volley."

#### THE KEMBLE EYE.—A REMINISCENCE OF AULD LANG SYNE.

Those only who were on the stage with Mrs. Siddons, whilst playing a part with her, could have any idea of the power of her eye. In *Lady Macbeth*, it really seemed to possess all the awful majesty of a queen, in the days of unscrupulous deeds, when "ruin leaped from the glance" of the powerful. It made the person on whom it was levelled, almost blink and drop their own eyes. She cast such a look upon me once, when a lad, that I have never forgotten it. The Kemble eye was indeed peculiar. John had an eye like Mars to threaten and com-

mand. His glance, when he held “an angry parle” was wonderful. Then, indeed, could he turn on his adversary “an eye of death.” Who that beheld it, can ever forget his look and countenance, when King John upbraids Hubert with Arthur’s death.

The glance of Charles, the chivalrous Charles, was equally fine in the parts he played. The bright, joyous, flashing, gallant, daring eye. The glance which, when suited to the voice, sent a thrill through every heart as he spoke, the glorious words of Faulconbridge can never be surpassed, or perhaps equalled on the stage. His conception and representation of Faulconbridge was indeed the most perfect performance in my opinion ever seen. In every look, gesture, movement, even in the minutest details, it was altogether such an identification, that it always seemed to me a reality. I can imagine no other Faulconbridge to have lived. It was one of those rare instances in which we could say, this is indeed the man Shakespeare drew.

Perhaps one of the finest stage effects ever witnessed, was the sudden sound of the approach of John’s army, and the beautiful march, when Chatillon announces the coming of the English power.

“The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand.”

The filing in of the English forces, after Chatillon's description of them, and the gallant look and bearing of each man, as I remember it in the days of John Kemble, was indeed a dramatic treat. And then, what a description is the preceding speech, of an invading army? What a glowing, glorious picture, has Shakespeare given of our war-like English, of the Norman period. Nothing in language can surpass it. Every word seems to strike dismay into the French host, as they stand there. Philip of France quails as he listens.

“ Then turn your faces from this paltry siege  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I.  
With him along is come the mother queen,  
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife:  
With her, her niecee, the Lady Blanche, of Spain;  
With them, a bastard of the king deceased,  
And all th' unsettled humours of the land.  
In brief, a braver choioe of dauntless spirits  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide  
To do offence and seathe in Christendom.”

Scenic effects, and the aid of costume, and all appliances to boot, will never, in my opinion, give such a picture of the period, and the man, as was

seen when John Philip Kemble personated the Norman King. There was the might, the magnificence, the awful presence of terrible and unscrupulous majesty. The countenance, the glance ; the terrible nature of King John, were displayed as no other actor will ever, I should think, bring the thing before us, and with Mrs. Siddons as Constance, and Charles Kemble as Faulconbridge, it seemed indeed a wonderful reality.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“What a voluminous correspondence the great Duke must have had,” said a gentleman one morning, whilst speaking about the Duke of Wellington, amongst a set of loungers congregated before the club-rooms at Cheltenham.

“And yet,” observed a cavalry officer, who had served under his Grace in the Peninsular, “the Duke, I have heard, himself attends to the most trifling correspondence. For instance, a friend of mine, and who was intimate with the Duke, told me the following story in exemplification of this. He was breakfasting one morning at Apsley House, and observed his Grace to smile whilst perusing one of his letters, and afterwards set it apart. Some time afterwards he found, on referring to that letter in conversation, that it had come from a lady

totally unknown to the Duke, and who kept a boarding-school at Kensington. This lady solicited a particular favour from his Grace, namely, that he would recommend to her some non-commissioned officer, whose character stood high in his esteem, for the purpose of teaching her young ladies to walk.

“Strange as this application was, it very much tickled his Grace’s fancy ; and during his morning ride, he called, at the Senior United Service Club, and desired one of the servants to send immediately for Serjeant Murphy, of the Grenadier Guards. Upon the Serjeant’s arrival, the Duke directed him to attend, in full uniform, at —— House Academy, on the following morning, and mention to Miss —— that the Duke of Wellington had sent him there to teach her young ladies to walk.”

#### MUNDEN AND ELLISTON.

Munden could never bear Elliston, for Elliston highly relished annoying and irritating him. “He is a mummer, Sir,” Munden used to say, “a mummer, Sir, and full of tricks and deceit as a monkey, Sir.”

One night Elliston so exasperated Munden, whilst the two were performing a long scene together, that Munden rushed off the stage in a state of fury, and refused to finish the part. Elliston had indeed so managed the dialogue, as to cut Munden out of all

his best bits, and had so gesticulated and imitated Munden, that the audience roared with laughter at his expence.

“ He’s a mummer, Sir, a d——d munmer,” iterated Munden to the manager. “ I’m off, Sir, to undress, and away home, Sir. I’ve been jumped, Sir, d——e, Sir, jumped, Sir, jumped out of my part. Let the mummer jump over the rest, and finish the piecee by himself.”

And so Elliston did, for it being, luckily, the last scene of the last act, he managed to contrive the dialogue so, that Munden’s exit in a rage seemed all right to the audience; and he continued to turn him into ridicule till the curtain dropped. This was in the early period of Munden’s career.

#### THE OLD KENT ROAD—AN ADVENTURE THERE WHILST STROLLING.

In the old days of stage-coaches, broad-wheeled waggons, and posting, there was some pleasure in travelling. Every roadside inn was then a picture, and being generally pretty well filled with wayfarers and chance customers of all sorts, there was always something like adventure to be met with. Then what characters we used to meet with amongst the ostlers and the attendant hangers-on to the various coaches, to say nothing of the coachmen themselves, who were indeed a distinct class, and

unlike any other bipeds in the world. Then what specimens of English character did the host and hostess of the tavern oftentimes display. Specimens indeed of humour, portly presence, and nationality, which one might see imitated on the stage, but never surpassed.

An expedition along the Old Kent Road, from Dover to London, was always an exquisite treat. Every stage had its peculiar charm, as it was associated either with some historic recollection, or some dramatic scene. Nay, I defy any man, imbued, as has been before described, with feelings which the works of our early dramatists is sure to awaken, to travel that road without feeling himself “violently carried away,” transferred in a measure, into the Elizabethan era. From Dover to Shooter’s-hill the neighbouring landscape teems with such reminiscences, and with a touch of his mighty wand, the poet has made it all his own. And his own will it be, as long as England exists, and travellers wend their way along its wooded undulations, and through its quaint towns and villages. Nay, was I to travel that road a hundred times, I could never pass over that fine old track of down between Dover and Sandwich, without thinking of Lear mad upon the wold at midnight. The wind there sighs across the waste, as it sighed over the long grass, when the watch-fires of the Britons burnt in the distance.

On first mounting the hill, which leads through Waldershire, after quitting Dover, the mind wanders into a passed, a long passed age. The crowning heights, trenched by the pick and spade of Roman soldiery; the dark woodlands in the gorges of the hills; the wild-looking scene beyond—all speak of Britain when it was one entire forest or waste; and I have oftentimes, when travelling on foot towards Sandwich, lingered there, and noted every change in the landscape with delight. Cymbeline and Lear were always intimately associated in my mind on such occasions. Imogen, too, the sweet, the exquisite Imogen, as she journeys to meet Posthumus was ever present in such a truly British landscape.

“ Oh, for a horse with wings ! Hearest thou, Pisanio ?  
He is at Milford Haven ! Read and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day ? ”

After passing Canterbury, the scene and period change again. Remains and relies of the Normans are then to be found in the different hamlets, with here and there, an old tower embosomed in trees, with, perhaps, a venerable hall, or an ancient chapel standing in the back-ground, the whole telling of the knightly and the noble who there held sway when the “ white and red rose ” factions, beat

their drums around. Nay, perhaps, except in one or two districts in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire, and in the towns named in his historical plays, the Old Kent Road is the only locality in England, where the deep, the all-absorbing Shakespearian feeling now exists ; for railroads, cultivation, manufactories, and 'utilitarianism' have so altered the face of the country that when Shakespeare looked upon England, it could scarce have exhibited the aspect we now behold.

Rochester is a town in which I have always especially delighted. The inn yard at the Crown is without question (in my opinion) the veritable spot the poet had in his eye when he wrote the scene in which Gadshill accosts the carriers.

The ancient gallery, the capacious kitchen with its huge chimney, oaken beams, and the antique apartments above ; nay, the very pigeon holes built in the wall : the buttressed walls themselves, and the whole aspect of the yard, speak of the ancient hostelry when the frowning Castle beside it, was tenanted by mailed warriors, and a Chaucerian train of travellers were wont to fill it with bustle ; what a description does that short dialogue between the carriers at Rochester give us, not only of the manners and customs of the period, but of the localities around ; the woodland scenes, the old road, the danger of travel, and the hostel yard in the dead of night, with the prowling robber peeping about to spy upon the

goings and comings of his prey. Yes, there is a savour of old England in the days of the Henrys in every line of it.

Gads Hill also, and the old inn there, used always to be a place of halt with a strolling party in former years. Some half-a-dozen would sit on the bench before the door, and, tankard in hand, revel in imaginings conjured up by the classic ground. At such times, they would speculate upon the probable wanderings of their great teacher, and think that, as a “poor player,” he had, perhaps, passed along that road, sat “under the shade of melancholy bough,” and taken his impression of the very scene which has since “wretched the world.”

The days of crying “Stand to a true man!” were not quite over a few years back, for whilst travelling this road in my early days with a companion, I met with an adventure. We were making our way to London on foot, and the shadows overtook us near Boughton Hill. The day had been louring, and dark and dismal looked the woodlands on either hand as we prepared to descend the steep declivity. As we did so, a post-chaise drove past, and whilst the postillion pulled up and put on the drag, two passengers alighted to walk down the hill.

Hardly had they walked fifty yards ahead of us, when a couple of footpads sprang from the side of

the road, and attacked them. The travellers resisted, and a desperate struggle ensued. We rushed down the hill to the rescue just as a pistol was discharged. One of the travellers fell, and the robbers escaped.

Picking the wounded man up, we placed him in the chaise.

“ You had better get in also,” said the traveller who was unhurt. “ The robbers may return. I don’t think my friend is much wounded, as I cannot perceive any flow of blood.”

Accepting the invitation, we jumped in; the postillion cracked his whip, and away we went, congratulating ourselves on escaping so well.

On stopping at the inn at the bottom of the hill, three of the party got out, the fourth remained in the corner. His friend tried to help him out, and he fell prostrate in the road. He was dead—a bullet had penetrated the upper part of his forehead, and passed out at the top of the skull.

#### ANECDOTE OF GENERAL CRAWFORD, RELATED BY ONE OF THE OLD 95TH RIFLES.\*

General Crawford was a stern man, but then he was a real soldier. I never saw his fellow for daring, and that all knew both above and below

\* Benjamin Harris, 95th Regiment.

him. I think I knew as much of him as any man in the Rifles, for he oftentimes held a few minutes' conversation with me when on the march. He was pleased to hold me in his favour because, being a shoemaker, and constantly at work when the fight or march was over, he said I was an industrious and useful man. Crawford, indeed, seldom failed to praise a man when he distinguished himself in any way.

Private O'Hara came under the notice of Crawford at Buenos Ayres. O'Hara was in the 54th Regiment. He saved the General's life, for a Spaniard having, unseen by Crawford, got close to him, levelled his firelock, and was just about to pull the trigger when O'Hara rushed upon and killed him.

Crawford was so much pleased with this act of O'Hara's, that he persuaded him to join the Rifles, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became a favourite with the whole corps.

During the retreat to Corunna, he also distinguished himself greatly. In short, a more hardy, resolute Irish soldier I never beheld. When the Rifles went to Spain the second time, O'Hara was with them, and, for some time, behaved as usual ; but, to the astonishment of officers and men, he one day, without any apparent cause, deserted to the French. Every man in the regiment felt dreadfully put out, but Crawford was furious. He

vowed that, if he could ever get near O'Hara, he would either take or slay him with his own hands.

At the siege of Rodrigo, Crawford saw O'Hara. He caught sight of him whilst fighting in the very midst of the *mélée*, and jumping from his horse, sprang among the enemy, and grasped him by the belt. But it seemed as if O'Hara, who feared no other living man, feared his old commanding officer, for he fled from him with such alacrity, that he tore his belt, and escaped.

Many of the Rifles saw the transaction, and told it to their comrades; and Crawford himself was heard to describe how nearly he had got O'Hara.

“Damn him,” he said, “if I could have caught him I would have killed him.”

Crawford was himself killed, I think, the day afterwards.

#### SIR DAVID BAIRD'S SYSTEM OF TACTICS.

Sir David Baird was a great man, in his day, for altering and improving the system of field evolutions in the army. He used, I have heard, to be continually worrying his hearers upon the excellence of his “peevot” system, as he termed it. Everything depended, with him, upon the “peevot” men.

One of his aides-de-camp, who was a Scotchman, used to have some tough arguments with Sir David about this system, the real utility of which, indeed, the aide-de-camp had his own doubts about.

“I tell you, Sir,” said the General, “that, with my system of drill, I will beat any army in the world. Nothing can stand against it.”

“Vera well,” said the aide-de-camp, “when we come under fire we shall see how it works.”

In the very first engagement in which Sir David had an opportunity of testing the merits of his new plan, the British (being outnumbered at one period of the engagement) were driven back, and retired in the utmost disorder. As horse, foot, and dragoons came thundering past the general, spite of every effort to rally them, the Scotch aide-de-camp, seeing Sir David turn his horse in order to save himself, exclaimed, amidst the confusion :

“Gad be here, Davy, mon ! Where are a’ yer preevots noo, mon.”

#### LISTON AT WHIST.

Liston had a very dull and melancholy look off the stage. No one observing him in a room, would have given him credit for the rich humour he displayed upon the boards. His face was, on the contrary, a curious specimen of heaviness, ugliness, and most lugubrious melancholy—a countenance of

most imperturbable sadness and seriousness—a most chapfallen look, if it may be so termed—nay, he was sometimes rather sullen and severe in his remarks, too, in society, I have heard.

He was, one night, playing whist at a private party, and his opponent was an old lady of rank, who had an ugly custom, when she became excited by the game, of picking her nose violently. It was the first time Liston had ever been in company with this lady, and the practice exceedingly annoyed him, the more so as the old lady was winning his money.

“That’s my trick, Mr. Liston,” she said, as she pounced upon the cards, and picked her nose violently.

“Yes, Madam,” said Liston, “it is so; and a damned nasty trick it is, too.”

#### A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE NOT ALWAYS A DANGEROUS THING.

It has often struck me that a slight knowledge of surgery is essential to the complete education of a soldier, because his trade leads him into so many situations wherein he may be useful to himself and comrades, and where, perhaps, the want of even the most trivial knowledge of the art of treating a wound might cause loss of life. Well, as our service is supplied with men of first-rate ability, so care-

less are the authorities that such skill should be always available, that *a little knowledge in this particular* is by no means *a dangerous thing*. On the contrary, I shall endeavour to show that it is *dangerous* to be without it. For instance, in the field, and during the heat of battle, there are hundreds of instances in which such knowledge might be found of the greatest use, not only in regard to a man's helping a comrade at the moment of his being struck, but even in the manner of conveying him to receive more important treatment.

How many men have bled to death who might have recovered if a *stitch in time* had been taken, and how many might have escaped unnecessary torture, and *compound wounds* formed out of *simple ones*, by the bearers understanding how to do their spiritting gently and humanely.

The object of these remarks being to point out such things as plainly and simply as possible, I shall proceed to prove what I have said by a short exemplification of the subject, and for this purpose take a glance at the field, whilst hard knocks are going and bullets flying. In such a situation it must happen that whilst others are at work, those who have leisure for observation may have also time and opportunity to be useful to their comrades. For instance, if immediately in front the contest is going on with vigour, the chances are that broken bones, and "grievous ghastly wounds," will be

even in the immediate vicinity of those not engaged.

“Is that Jack down?” says Corporal Trim.

“No, it’s Bill.”

“Well, ‘tis no matter, so much the better for Jack,”

Now if Bill, being down, should have a bone broken, and it is necessary to carry him to the dootor; in placee of increasing his agony by snatching him hastily up and carrying him to the rear in an awkward manner, and which, notwithstanding the best intentions is often done, it would be as well to do the deed after a fashion least agonising to the sufferer. For this purpose, a couple of muskets should be laid down, and a blanket being tied securely to them, a good litter is immediately formed, and upon this the sufferer being very carefully lifted by merely raising him a few inches from the ground, much suffering will be saved. If there be time also, it is no bad way to bring the sound limb close to the broken one, and then fasten both together with a sash, as by this means, support is given to the injured limb, and much pain avoided. Such means are not always to be taken in the field, but where they are, it is the more wise to *take them*, as awkwardness and ignorance in carrying, often cause the bones of fractured limbs to protrude through the flesh, and increase the sufferer’s danger considerably. Indeed, a slight knowledge of the management of broken bones is

the more necessary to a soldier as accidents frequently happen to their cloth in situations where no surgeon is at hand, or *can* be procured for some time.

For instance, a party may be with a detachment on duty in some isolated spot, and in such case a little knowledge is a most beneficial thing. I remember once being on detachment in a region where it was impossible to procure advice, the whole country being for miles and miles bound down by frost and snow, mountains, lake, and valley, were alike enveloped in one white sheet of ice, and the winds had drifted the snow with such force that it was impossible to get a mile from the building we were quartered in. Surgeon there was none to be got at. A sort of highland doctor lived some twenty miles off, but he was such a drunken companion that he was seldom available when he was to be found. In these circumstances, a man located in our stronghold broke his leg. Simple accident enough, and under ordinary circumstances, not of much consequence, but where no man was by, who had knowledge how to set it, a real misfortune, which might have caused terrible suffering. As, however, I had studied a small matter of surgery, I contrived to bring my knowledge to bear on this occasion, and thus perhaps saved the man's life, proving also at the same time that a *little knowledge is not (always) a dangerous thing.*

## THE GUARDS RETURNING FROM SERVICE.

A line regiment on the march is a most interesting sight, and one seldom seen by a Londoner. The brave fellows look what they really are, the working soldiers of the empire, and pretty well worked they are too. The Guards are splendid-looking men, and their countrymen are justly proud of them as they follow after their band through St. James's Park, because, they well know, that no country can produce such magnificent soldiers.

"I remember," said an old actor, "seeing the Guards march through the Park, however, in a somewhat different plight to that which they are ordinarily to be observed in. I happened to be walking along the Birdcage Walk very early, and as I saw a regiment of infantry approaching, I advanced to meet them, supposing, from their appearance, that it was a regiment of the line. But as they passed, I found it was a battallion of the Foot Guards, just arrived from foreign service, and in my life I never saw a better specimen of the fatigues of war.

"Their dress and accoutrements were in a most tattered and dilapidated condition, their hats crushed and broken, and all looked worn down with toil, hard-

ship, and disease. They marched through the Park as fast as they could, and the commanding officer seemed anxious to get them out of sight, and into barracks. Some stragglers who were being brought on by a sergeant, told me they had just arrived from Walcheren."

Such was the impression made upon an actor of the Kemble school some years ago. Alas ! what aspect will the remnant of our splendid soldiers make, should they ever return from the Crimea in these latter days of similar mismanagement and mistakes in military matters. Years and years have passed away since the old actor beheld that remnant of war-worn soldiers, and yet still we see the fatal effect of the system which caused such wholesale loss of life, such waste of treasure, reputation and blood.

#### SINGULAR REASON GIVEN FOR EXEMPTION FROM SERVICE IN THE MILITIA.

During the Peninsular war, a gentleman of fortune in Scotland, on being called on to serve in the militia, gave this singular answer :

" Rendered unfit to serve His Majesty in any capacity by general-court-martial."

On inquiry it was found that the writer had been cashiered whilst with the army in Spain. He considered himself an injured man by the result of the court martial which had sentenced him, and accordingly gave the above as reason good for exemption.

## A PRESENTIMENT.

During the heat of battle at Waterloo, one of the English cavalry generals, as well known in the fashionable world for the elegance of his style and manner as for his dashing bravery in the field, just before giving the word to charge, observed an officer near him looking very dejected.

“How now, major?” said he. “Why you look as dismal as if you expected a dun at your elbow!”

“Ah!” sighed the officer, who had only recently been married, “I am thinking of my poor wife, whom I left at Brussels.”

“Pooh!” said the general laughing, “thinking of your wife indeed! Why didn’t you leave her in London, where I have left all my wives?”

The next minute the gallant general gave the word to his brigade to charge; and dashing at the enemy’s cuirassiers, they were instantly in the midst of the dreadful conflict.

It was afterwards remembered by one who suf-

vived that charge that the newly-married officer was the first man killed.

#### THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S LEG.

Just as the surgeon had cut off the Marquis of Anglesey's leg in a small cottage in the village of Waterloo, Sir Hussey, afterwards Lord Vivian came into the room.

"Vivian," said the gallant soldier, "take a look at that leg," pointing to the newly-severed limb, "and tell me what you think of it. Some time hence, perhaps, I may be inclined to imagine it might have been saved, and I should like your opinion upon it."

Sir Hussey looked carefully at the shattered limb, and soon set the mind of the marquis at rest regarding it.

A large shot had gone through the knee joint, and made a terrible-looking wound.

#### A VISIT TO STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

How extraordinary it seems that we should have nothing authentic to fasten upon as a relic of the most wonderful mortal ever born in this "wide and universal theatre," except it be his last will and testament, and the dramas and poems he penned! Not a relic, not a picture, seems to be authentic;

not even any certain knowledge of the house in which he was born, nay, not a single anecdote of him whilst “fretting his hour upon the stage” of life. Nothing, in short, either to tell us of his person, apparel, or disposition; and yet the world cannot choose but regard Shakespeare as the limner’s art has rendered him—glorious in expression, gentle in look, and with a countenance beaming with genius and beauty—“a combination and form, indeed, to give the world assurance of a man.” Nay, we cannot think of Shakespeare for a moment but as the gentle, the good, the noble-hearted, the true. As an actor, we can figure him the admiration of his brothers of the sock and buskin, startling, enchanting, enrapturing them, as he successively produced those perfect dramas it must have been their pride to take a part in. As a retired townsman, “a native burgher” of his own sweet Stratford, whilst his retired leisure suffered him to “daffe the world aside,” and take his ease as he continued to compose—how much must he have been beloved by all who knew him. We can, indeed, imagine him during his morning stroll amidst the beetling houses of old Stratford-upon-Avon, greeting his neighbours, those quaint townsfolk of the Elizabethan era, as he passed along.

If one could but see some old host who had remembered Shakespeare in his childhood, who had even but once seen the immortal man, sitting beside

his hearth, or walking the streets of his own town, or standing with a knot of actors, in their quaint costume, and uttering his wondrous witticisms as they hung about the door of some hostel—even that would be something to thank Heaven for. Then, what a scene is presented to the imagination during this interesting period! The old bench under the gigantic oak before the inn door; the very hostel itself a picture; “mine host a Bully rock;” the tapster a merry fellow, dapper and active as Francis with his “Anon, anon, Sir.”

Alas! if we could only find some record or relic in an old chest or drawer, some worm-eaten scrap, to tell us somewhat of his way of life, if only a diary of one week’s existence and daily doings, what a hubbub it would make in the world.

It was with such feelings that I set out one day with two companions to make a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon. My fellow-travellers were both of them enthusiasts; the one, a happy combination of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, whose rhapsodies occasionally rendered him an amusing companion. He had once followed the profession of arms; but, disappointed in worldly ambition, had taken to writing poetry, and become a worshipper of Shakespeare. The other was a sea-captain, who professed indifference about Shakespeare, or any other writer, albeit he seldom opened his lips but quotations from various authors seemed

to quarrel for utterance. He was, indeed, just as much an admirer of the poet of nature as his poetic friend ; but he “blessed God,” he observed, “and made no words on’t.”

Those who can visit Stratford-upon-Avon without feeling a touch of enthusiasm must indeed be dull. The circumstance of Shakespeare having been born, and spent his early youth and latter days there ; of his having haunted its neighbouring woodlands and taken, perhaps, his impressions of the beauties of nature while lingering on the banks of the Avon ; of his having written his “*Lear*,” “*Macbeth*,” “*Cymbeline*,” “*Winter’s Tale*,” and his Roman plays, during his retirement there, is enough to make Stratford a name dear in every age.

“Here, perhaps,” said our poetic companion, as we reached the churchyard, “did Shakespeare love to wander in such a night as this—

“‘When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise.’

Yes, amongst the verdant mounds and moss-clad tombs, whilst gazing, perhaps, upon the fantastic carving of the cunning architects of old, and loitering in the vicinity of a new-made grave, might the immortal bard have first imagined his grave-digger’s scene in ‘*Hamlet*.’ The place in something resembles the churchyard in Elsinore, in Retzsch’s “*Outlines of Hamlet*. ” Look at those

fantastic figures, gaping and grinning at us—those stone spouts, carved windows, and sunken grave-stones. The bat, too, is flitting his cloistered flight. Yes, I am confident Retzsch must have taken his sketch from remembrance of this very churchyard. Alas !” he continued, “ how must such a man have been beloved in life, and how mourned when dead. Methinks I see at this moment the funeral procession of the bard advancing towards the church ; the town hath cast her people out to follow him, ‘like Niobe, all tears ;’ the church, ‘the holy edifice,’ has not space sufficient to contain the mourniug throng ; they crowd amongst the tombs, and, standing on Avon’s banks,

“ ‘Weep their tears into the stream.’ ”

“ But I conceive,” interrupted the sea-captain, “ that Shakespeare was not properly appreciated, in his own day, even in his own town here, and amongst his familiar friends. Some record of his conversation, some anecdotes of his manners, bearing, and disposition, would otherwise have been handed down to us. But no ; all we know concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born in Stratford upon-Avon ; married Anne Hathaway ; went to London, where he wrote and acted plays ; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried there. Not much faith can be placed in the traditions of his deer-stealing exploit. According to

Fulman, ‘Shakespeare was much given to all unluckiness, in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county, to his great advancement.’ Now such gossip may have spread without there being one word of truth in it. Charlecote is also now said not to be the spot where Shakespeare shot the deer, but another park of Sir Thomas Lucy’s, called Fulbroke, so named from the depth of the Avon thereabout.”

The epitaph upon Shakespeare’s daughter, Susannah Hall, was pointed out to us, and then the Grammar School, which stands next to that antique edifice, the Guild of the Holycross, a building perhaps looked on with awe, as early as when the bard, “with shining morning face,” crept “unwillingly to school.”\*

We now entered the room of the old house containing the few relies said to have been preserved by Shakespeare’s relatives. “This, gentlemen,” said the exhibitor “is the stock of an old matchlock, the remains of the identical piece Shakespeare shot the deer with in Charlecote Park.”

“But,” said the sceptical captain, “I always imagined that Shakespeare used a cross-bow in that action.”

\* There is no record of Shakespeare’s ever having been at this school, although they pretend to show the desk he wrote at.

“I fancy not,” returned the exhibitor. “These things were the property of Shakespeare’s daughter, and they have remained exactly as bequeathed or left by her till they became the property of my grandmother. Sir Walter Scott, whose name you will see in the album kept here, never doubted their being genuine. He looked at them with reverence, and visited them whenever he came to Stratford. This, Sir, is Shakespeare’s sword.”

“So,” said the poet, “this, then, is really the sword of Shakespeare, the tiger-hearted, as Greene called him in his pamphlet. In his envy he thus speaks of him: ‘There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger’s heart wrapped in a player’s hide, thinks himself able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you—in his own conceit the only *Shake*-scene in a country.’”

“Here, gentlemen,” interrupted the exhibitor, “is Shakespeare’s desk. This curious piece of carving was over the chimney-piece of his room at New Place; it represents David slaying Goliah. Here is a picture too, which used to hang in his room.\* It is a portrait of a young lady of the Clopton family. She was exceedingly beautiful, and the

\* It is not, I believe, generally known that in this house, in the year 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles the First, kept her court for three weeks, during the Civil Wars.

legend connected with the portrait is curious. She was buried alive during the plague, perhaps at the time our Shakespeare was about two years old, as in that year it raged so fiercely at Stratford, that in a few weeks a fifth of the population fell victims to it. This young lady, according to the tradition, sickened, and to appearance, died of it, and was buried with fearful haste in a vault attached to Stratford Church. Within a week, another of the family was borne to the ancestral vault, and to the horror of the mourners as they descended the stairs, the light of their torches flashed upon the figure of a woman in her grave-clothes, leaning against the wall. It was Charlotte Clopton, she appeared not long dead, and in the agonies of despair, hunger, and perhaps madness, had bitten a large piece from her round white shoulder. Such is the legend as it has been handed down. I know of no written record extant, though I have been told the story is to be found in print. How singular that such a Capulet tomb should have actually been in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon."

"This," said the Captain, again taking up the sword, "seems to me not to belong to the period. It is neither a three-sided nor a square-bladed weapon. I should have expected to have seen one of those long spit-like rapiers peculiar to Elizabeth's reign; but this is a flat-bladed, basket-handled affair; and, 'by these hilts,' as Falstaff says, I

doubt its ever having dangled at Shakespeare's side."

" 'Tis said to have been his sword, nevertheless," replied the exhibitor, "and was most assuredly brought from New Place, where he died. Shakespeare played Hamlet with that sword."

"Nay, but I pray you Madam," he returned, "I have heard Shakespeare never played anything but the ghost in his own Hamlet."

"That which I have affirmed," said the good woman, "has been handed down as the history of the sword. Sir Walter Scott has handled the weapon, and I do not think he doubted its being genuine. I advise you, Sir, not to believe all you have heard or read of Shakespeare; very little is known of his history, and that little is doubtful."

As we quite agreed with the exhibitor, we now took leave of the relies, and as we had resolved to rendezvous at the first hostel we spied on entering the town, the Captain, who could no longer combat "the hungry edge of appetite," vowed he would defer further investigation of the town till the morning. We therefore soon found ourselves seated in that identical parlour, in which Washington Irving professed himself so contented in his visit to Stratford, some years before. Mine host was a man of letters, and exceedingly proud of the mention made of his hostel in that delightful volume. He "talked scholarly and wisely," too, and gave us a

vast deal of information upon matters connected with the town and county, whilst we enjoyed his good cheer. Coffee and cigars made their appearance, and more than one Havannah was dissipated into “thin air;” but our “poetical friend,” who had parted from us after viewing the so-called relics, failed in making his appearance. I proposed setting out in search; but the Captain vowed it would be in vain.

“The chances are, that, in pure melancholy, he is lying like a dropt acorn under one of the trees in Charlecote Park. However,” he continued, ringing the bell, “we will send to gain news of the youth’s whereabouts. Is thy name Wart?” he demanded of a nondescript-looking animal, who came into the room.

“Noa, I’m boots,” said the fellow.

“Truly, thou art a very ragged boots,” returned the Captain. “But I prithee, good boots, step as far as the house in Henley Street, where it is said Shakespeare was born, and inquire me out there one Fitz-Eustace Froth. If you can’t discover him there, run your eye over the book of names, and then take a glance at the walls and ceiling of the room, in order to see if he hath been there, and inscribed his name or initials. If no sign of him in that quarter, put a girdle round about the town, and seek him amidst the tombstones in the church-yard.”

“Lord help your honour!” said the boots; “how long do you gie I to do all this?”

“Somewhere about forty minutes,” said the Captain.

“Why, there be names enow written in the room where Shakespeare was born,” said the boots, “to reach from here to London; there’s not a square inch in any part of the walls where you could sign your name, if it was to get ye a hundred pounds for the signature.”

“I know it,” said the Captain; “from the four corners of the earth they come to kiss that shrine. Nevertheless, do as I bid thee.”

In about ten minutes the man returned.

“I’ve found un, Sir,” he said, grinning. “He wur in bed, and fast as a church.”

“In bed?” exclaimed the Captain; “where?”

“Why, in Shakespeare’s room,” said the man. “The old woman as shows the house, told me that he had insisted upon sleeping in Shakespeare’s room,\* so she had sent for a mattress; and there he be stowed away snug and comfortable. The old dame told me she wur sure he wur some larned man, he wur so absent in his mind, and that he had gotten into bed with his boots and hat, and his umbrella under his arm.”

\* This has been often the case. Dowton is said to have wept like a child when visiting the house.

The next morning the Captain proposed a ramble round the outskirts, and I agreed to the walk, provided he would consent to its being in the direction of Shottery, in order that we might breathe the morning air in a visit to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, and call up the poet *en passant*.

When, however, we reached Shakespeare's birth-place, we found that our friend had already donned his clothes, and sallied forth. For, having (the old lady of the house informed us) discovered a scrap of paper on the table before the window of the room, the document had so strangely moved him, that (fire in his eye and the paper in his hand,) he had sallied forth at least

“ An hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden chambers of the east.”

Continuing our progress, we soon found ourselves in those verdant meadows leading to Shottery; and, after leaping the first stile, beheld our imaginative friend brushing the morning-dew from the grass, not a couple of hundred yards before us.

“ Why, how now, monsieur ?” said the Captain.  
“ What a life is this, that your poor friends must woo your company.”

“ I cry you mercy, gentlemen,” returned the poet; “ but last night I found myself unable to leave the vicinity of the spot on which stood the

mansion Shakespeare purchased of Sir Hugh Clopton on his retirement, and in which he lived and died. ‘Unhappy was the cloek that struck the hour in which that spot was put in possession of one so marble-hearted, as to pull down the house in which Shakespeare spent the latter days of his life, obliterate all trace of its pleasure-grounds, and fell the blessed mulberry-tree he planted there.

At the bottom of what was formerly the garden, and facing the Avon, I entered an ancient hostel, and which the hostess assured me, according to tradition of Stratford, was used by Master Shakespeare. Here, in an antique room, in which Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek might have kept the turn of tippling. I took my supper of eggs and bacon ; after which I betook myself to the house of houses, that edifice in which the immortal bard was born.’

“The butcher’s shop,” said the Captain ; “ and there you passed the night. ‘The sweeter rest was thine.’”

As we now proceeded, the woodlands, the fields, and every region round, were invested with a delicious interest. We thought how the youthful Shakespeare had oftentimes bounded along that path on the wings of love, to Anne Hathaway.

“When daisies pied and violets blue  
Did paint the meadows with delight.”

During these rambles, and amidst these fields, perhaps, were first engendered many thoughts which afterwards ripened into charming scenes, such as are depicted in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

We now crossed a small rivulet, some fifty yards from the cottage we sought ; the small brick bridge across the stream, probably was the identical arch which Shakespeare had often passed over.

The cottage in which the Hathaways lived is that of a substantial yeoman of the time of Elizabeth ; there was an old world and comfortable look about it, which we in vain seek for in the squalid, ill-built, buildings of our own days. Here was to be found the ample chimney, beneath which the family were wont 'to assemble after the toil of the day, whilst they listened to "the wind and rain without." Here was the diamond-pained window, and the huge traversing oaken beam, and the companionable fire-side bench ; and here, perhaps, had young Shakespeare sat "in winter's tedious nights," with good old folks, and listened to tales

"Of woeful ages long ago betid."

"Yes, Sir," said the woman of the cottage ; "and here is the very bench that he used to sit upon. It is called in the village Shakespeare's courting-chair."

After we had strolled in the orchard, "Mine

orchard; and eaten a last year's pippin of his own grafting, the owner of the cottage invited us to view the room called Anne Hathaway's bedroom, and in which stood a somewhat elaborately-carved bedstead, shewn as Anne Hathaway's bed.

The cottage, with its orchard and its garden, had fallen from its former estate in every particular. That which had once been "a good dwelling," although by no means "a rich," was now neither so comfortably or so neatly kept as, perhaps, it was wont to be in the olden time. It looked half-furnished, half habitable, and poverty-stricken. The orchard, too, which in former days showed its blossom, its fruit, and its grassy carpet in the front, was now negleeted and waste, whilst the garden was invaded by a row of newly-built cottages.

There was still, however, the little well of clear water before the door, from which, perhaps, Shakespeare had oftentimes taken a draught, and some few other rural and moss-covered remains of his day.

Returning to Stratford, we wandered once more into the church, and at length were fain to commend our poetical friend to his own content, and wend our way homewards without him. We left him leaning against the wall in the chaneel, with his eyes rivetted upon the epitaph at his feet—a solitary devotee—whilst the sun streamed in rain-

bow hues from the lofty gothic window, upon the plain flat stone, which marks the spot where the bones of the bard repose.

#### HARROWGATE.—A REMINISCENCE OF AULD LANG SYNE.

What scenes of life have we beheld at Harrowgate ! what days and nights of revelry and excitement, have we passed at the far-famed Dragon, in the days of auld lang syne, when upon that bare, Scotchified-looking common, were assembled, in the huge stone-built halls, with their terraces and gardens which constituted the hotels of the place, half the fashion and beauty of the kingdom ; where the great sporting men of the age periodically had their meet ; where fortunes were won by the turn-up of a card by old dowagers, whilst their “ radiant and exquisite daughters ” lost their hearts to some lord of sash and epaulette in the dance.

The Dragon at Harrowgate (in those days) was unlike any other *table-d'hôte* of the time ; it more resembled sonic nobleman’s seat, where the *élite* of the world of fashion had been invited to spend the summer months.

Few perhaps of the present generation can recollect Harrowgate much before the period we are speaking of, though, doubtless, there are some old stagers who can remember those choice and master-

spirits of the place, who were wont to keep the table in a roar, when old Goodlad was host of the Green Dragon, and during whose administration it was almost as impossible for a parvenu, or a party without four horses and liveried attendance to gain a footing at the hotel, as at that time it would have been for himself to become member for a close borough.

At the Dragon there was generally some prima donna, some queen-bee of the hive who ruled the roast. Her glance of approval or rejection would, indeed, be certain either to sanction the introduction of a new-comer into the *crème de la crème* of the circle, or keep them at so uncomfortable a distance, that they would be frozen into the necessity of seeking the warmer climate of some other house on the neighbouring common.

If we are writing our annals truly, and memory does not fail, there used to be four hotels at this celebrated watering-place, namely, The Dragon, The Granby, The Queen's Head, and The Crown. These houses bore the several nicknames of The House of Commons, The House of Lords, The Hospital, and The Manchester Warehouse. The Granby (which stood upon the heath towards the pleasant town of Knaresborough), and which, with its shrubberies and pleasant gardens, looked like some Yorkshire hall, was called The House of Lords. There the most staid and straight-laced, and the invalided portions of the aristocracy resorted. The Dragon,

again, which stands in the Ripon Road, just at one end of the common, pleasantly situated, with its garden and terrace, amongst the verdant fields, was yclept The House of Commons. There the sporting gentry of the day, the great turf men, mixed up with a sprinkling of the aristocracy, and the old county families, together with parties from the north ; Highland lairds, and rollicking blades from the Emerald Isle, met together year after year, and kept up one continued revel during the season ; the assemblage being, almost without exception, formed of people of condition in the island.

The Crown was called The Hospital, and was situated in what constituted the town of Low Harrowgate. In appearance it was not unlike a receptacle for the sick, and was erected close beside a well of most foetid and foul-smelling water. This house was usually the resort of the drinking portion of the visitors. The Queen's Head was a long, irregular-built mansion, standing also upon the edge of the common, almost opposite The Granby ; and, sheltered by a few tall trees, looked the diamond of the desert. This again was denominated The Manchester Warehouse, and was mostly tenanted by the trading portion of the company ; the great Manchester millocrat, the rich pin-maker from Birmingham, the wealthy cutler from Sheffield, the iron-founder from Black Barnsley, the clothier from Leeds, and the moneyed men from

Glasgow, Dundee, and Paisley ; folks who dared not attempt admission either into the Dragon or Granby, and who were hardly sufficiently assured in their position to venture even amongst the jewels of the Crown.

The Dragon was the best house for those who came to seek for pleasure and amusement. There amongst other diversions to beguile the time, high play was constantly resorted to, and the card-room was usually filled with players, with little intermission during the twenty-four hours. There they sat—that infatuated and devoted clique—hour after hour in a recess to the right of the long room, called the Tea-room. Some dozen tables were filled with the oddest of all the oddities of the play-men of the turf, celebrated sporting characters of the day, and perhaps the most determined amongst the gentlemen gamblers in England. They were also surrounded and attended, during their orgies, by a whole fraternity of betters—men who, with cat-like watch, hovered over and flitted from table to table computing the chances, and calculating the odds of the different games.

So absorbed, indeed, were some of the company in this vice, that we have known men pass a whole season in the card-room, with slight intermission, seated at the tables, morning, noon, and night. Whist constituted their world ; and their utmost idea of happiness on this side the grave, consisted in four

by honours and the odd trick. One or two of these devotees we remember, with parchment visage, and “lack-lustre eye,” who would scarce give themselves time to eat; allowing but little for repose and exercise. These persons would jump up at the sound of the dressing-bell, make a hasty toilet, rush down stairs, and even win or lose large sums in the short space of time before the bell again sounded for dinner. Whilst at table they would bolt their meals in a state of feverish excitement, consequent upon their gaming propensities, make sundry bets over their port and claret; and then again, when the tables were drawn, rush to the card-room, and, spending the watchies of the night in play, refuse to move till the serving-maids of the establishment, coming down to set the apartments in order, forced them to their pillows.

We remember a lady of rank, who, after a life spent at the card-table, died with the pack in her hand. As regularly as the season came round, she drove to the Dragon with her lovely daughters, desired the postillion, after setting down herself and imperials, to take the young ladies to a neighbouring boarding-school; after which, shaking hands with the various parties she was acquainted with, she would walk straight into the card-room, cut in, and commence play.

We also knew a devoted son of the clergy, one of the finest preachers of the day, who was wont to

treat his congregation with a sermon, during morning service, upon the enormity of gaming; after which, he would ascend his curricle, drive to the Dragon, and pass the entire remainder of the Sabbath behind the closed blinds of the card-room, absorbed body and soul in whist, or setting the fee-simple of his living upon the turn of the dice-box.

We recollect a rich Indian nabob, who successively lost three fortunes at Harrowgate, Cheltenham, and Buxton.

It was, indeed, highly amusing (at this period) to take an occasional glance at the countenances of these devotees, and watch the ebb and flow of their fortunes. Lady M——, who, I have before said, died at the card-table, would at times, have her lap filled with bank-notes, which she had then no leisure to count. This lady was wont to play frequently for a “cool hundred” a game, and at the same time bet with those near her table. Nay, we have heard, that on one occasion she continued playing a whole night and day at piquet with a German noble, to whom she lost a large sum; when quitting the tables to join the company assembled at supper, she fainted from exhaustion and chagrin.

Quietly, and with determined perseverance, would the devoted slaves of this absorbing vice continue their incessant cutting, dealing, shuffling, and playing. Hour after hour through the day were the

sun's rays excluded, and hour after hour, during the night, they pursued the same employment. The orchestra brayed out its joyous strains, the merry dance was kept up in the Tea-room, beside which they played—the waltz was ended, the supper over—and still diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs, seemed to afford renewed interest every moment.

Harrowgate, like many other watering places, has fallen into the sear. It was in our nonage that we used to visit it in its palmy state; during the chequered career of military life we lost sight of that and other places of amusement. Once we returned to the place after a long interval, and it seemed that we met the ghosts of its departed joys. The roar of mirth no longer was heard at the tables. The card-room was deserted; and although there seemed a decent sprinkling of guests at the hotels, compared with the choice and master-spirits of former times, the assemblage was a quaker's meeting: they appeared “to have lost all mirth, and foregone all custom of exercise.” It is indeed, as Mrs. Trollope observes, always *the who*, and not the *where*, that makes the difference of enjoyment in a public place. The waters smelt as villainously as ever; the heather bloomed upon the common, where stood the various inns, but the spirit of the place seemed gone with its former visitors; the pegs had slipped, the music ceased, and Harrowgate (as a place of amusement) was naught.

In former days, the road before the terrace of the Dragon presented a most animated scene, being filled, after breakfast, with gay equipages—fours-in-hand, curricles, and tandems: whilst whole bevies of ladies and attendant cavaliers were to be seen mounting their palfreys, to excursionize to the various places of interest in the neighbourhood; added to which there was always some device or divertissement got up by the master of the revls to pass away the long age between the morning meal and the dinner hour. At one part of the season, races were held upon the common, and if the running was not quite so good as at Newmarket or Doncaster, the fun was greater; the attendance and the elegant equipages on the course rendered the scene gay and animated in the extreme; and the lone common, with its Scotchified belt of pines on one side, and the extensive and well-wooded view on the other, appeared like the scene in Scott's "Old Mortality," when Lady Margaret Bellenden and her party attended the Wappenshaw.

We remember many specimens of the English esquire of the old school who used to visit this watering place—gentlemen with manners as peculiar as their costume was quaint and characteristic—gentlemen of the Grandison school, who would keep their hats in the air whilst addressing a lady; and conduct her into a room, not tucked under one arm as if she were a country lass at a hop, but hand

in hand, as if just about to lead off in a *minuet de la cour*—gentlemen, who would no more think of sitting down to dinner without donning their ribbed silks, than they would be likely to appear at breakfast out of their buckskins, buckled tops, quaint cut blue coats, pomatum'd side locks, and well-tied pig-tails.

Others again there were, rough eccentric humorous, hearty old bucks, rough and ready as Squire Western himself, and speaking in a dialect as provincial as the clodpoles on their estates—characters now no longer to be met with, and who seemed the last of their race. There were also several varieties of the Buck Parson, with here and there a representative of the old soldier of half a century previous to the Peninsular triumphs ; warriors who were majors on full pay when they cried for more pap “in the nurses arms,” and who were wont to set their squadrons in the field, when the most arduous duties of the dragoon officer, consisted in carrying three or four bottles beneath his belt, with a proper and dignified deportment.

Many of the great sporting characters of the day also had seats in the vicinity of Harrowgate. These gentlemen would often drive over, mix in the amusements of the company, and then carry off their friends to their homes. The greatest sportsman of his day, (the celebrated Colonel Thornton) would bring his hawks and fly them upon the common ; and after-

wards invite the assemblage to return with him to Thornville Royal, where he entertained them with a degree of splendour not often seen in those days.

The Colonel, indeed, lived in a style of great magnificence at that period. He was the wittiest man of his time, too ; and his hospitality was exercised in a style peculiar to himself ; magnums of port and claret, holding a dozen bottles each, graced the festive board, and a loving cup revolved around, containing a dozen of champagne in its capacious depths. On these occasions there was no lack of amusement ; the Colonel's voice made the halls echo to the hunter's cry, and as “his eye begot occasion for his wit,” his joyous spirit turned everything to mirth. The very spirit of fun twinkled in his laughing visage. He seemed as if he could have “jested in an hospital, and moved wild laughter in the throat of death.” Perhaps some of our readers may, even yet, remember the circumstances of this great sportsman's removal from his hunting grounds at Faulkner's Hall, upon the Wolds of Yorkshire, to his seat in Wiltshire, when he made a progress through the land like some cavalier of olden times upon the march. First came the huntsmen, whippers-in, and grooms with various packs of dogs, celebrated as the hounds of Theseus ; next walked the falconers in green attire, carrying the falcons hooded upon their frames ; after them marched the trainers with a whole squadron of

thorough-breds, racers, hunters, and hackneys ; then followed the greyhounds in their cloths—that famous breed whose portraits are still to be seen—boat carriages, and equipages of every sort, together with terriers, water-dogs, and spaniels, accompanied by innumerable serving-men, dog-carts, and baggage-waggons bringing up the rear. We might indeed supply a volume of descriptive scenes in which the gay Colonel with his green hat, and partridge-coloured coat, was an actor at Harrowgate ; but the above must suffice.

#### MY FIRST DETACHMENT.—A MESS-TABLE YARN.

I remember being sent on detachment (soon after joining a regiment in Scotland) to Corgarff Castle, in the highlands of Aberdeenshire. Perhaps, unless on occasion of being sent to Siberia, nothing more dreary could be well imagined to an English eye. The detachment consisted of about seventy men and two officers, and the immediate business in hand was Still-hunting.

Corgarff Castle was, at that time, almost an unknown building. Amongst the good folk of Aberdeen it seemed to be regarded as a sort of visionary fortress ; for, though every one knew its name, no one appeared to believe in its existence.

“ Pray, can you inform me,” I inquired, at the stable where I intended to hire a horse for the ex-

pedition, “whereabouts is Corgarff Castle ? for I am going up there to-morrow.”

“ Eh, Sirs !” ejaculated the stable-keeper; “gang-ing up to Corgarff, said ye ? Why, it’s a good seventy mile awa’, man ! I dinna ken vera muekle about it mysel’, but I’ve heard tell it’s awa up in Stra’don somewhere.”

I went to a party that night, and inquired of every gentleman of whom I had the slightest knowledge about Corgarff Castle ; the reply was always the same. “ I never was there, neither do I ken anybody wha kens aught about Corgarff, except that it’s away somewhere in Stra’don.” I asked all the young ladies I danced with if they had ever heard of Corgarff ; but not one could I find who had any idea what it was like.

The following morning, on reaching the stables, I found a little old bald shot of a hostler, who affirmed that he had seen a man who “ lang sync” had caught a glimpse of the castle, hanging, as it were, on the side of a rocky mountain ; but no one that he had ever heard of, had been in it, or at it, since bonnie Prince Charlie cocked his bonnet in Aberdeenshire.

Alas !

“ How chances mock, and changes fill  
The cup of alteration.”

’Tis many years since I sought Corgarff on this

service. “The way was long ; the wind was cold ;” the road in some places was almost impassable, and in others there was no road at all. My horse’s sides were furrowed with the spur-rowel, and my right arm as sore as if I had been threshing in a barn. The mountains environed me as I proceeded, and each range of hills I surmounted seemed to shut me for ever from the world ; the snow came down with a driving wind, that absolutely excoriated my visage ; twice I was nearly lost in some kelpies’ flow ; thrice I had to re-thread my dubious route, and,

“Darkness settled lone and still  
On the smooth lake and mighty hill,”

when, with my steed in my hand, I reached the little inn of Glenbucket, still ten miles from Corgarff. Now, however, the roads are levelled, a stage-coach runs to the little inn at Glenbucket ; and I dare to say, many an English sportsman has heard the heath-cock whirr over the waste, and loitering beside the moss-covered walls of Corgarff, listened to the howling wind as it moans along those barren hill sides.

I shall not, indeed, easily forget that “ghastly ride”—the first time of making an excursion into the highlands “in winter and rough weather.” The snow-storm had commenced, as I left the town

of Aberdeen early in the morning, and before I had proceeded a dozen miles, I had fairly lost my way. However, I held onwards, and threading my dubious route through pine woods, and, nearly blinded by the storm, ran my horse's nose against a castellated mansion, called the House of Skene. Here I came to a halt, and roared lustily for somebody to direct me on my route ; but no soul answering to the summons, I dismounted, and commenced a game at snowballs with an immense bell which dangled above my head. Still its own dull sound was all I could obtain in reply to the endeavour at bringing myself into notice,

“ Like some lone Chartreux stood the good old hall,  
Silence without, and (apparently) fasts within its wall.”

I rambled all about the building, in the vain hope of discovering some out-door domestic, but not a creature could I see ; though, from the old-world look of the place, I almost expected at every turn to see some daft companion—some David Gellatly, come capering along the avenues I was exploring. At some little distance from the building I found the stables ; but the stalls were untenanted, the dog-kennel empty, the dovecote deserted. At length, returning, I opened a door in the court-yard, and made my way into what appeared the servants'-hall, and so on into the kitchen. A peat

fire was alight, and an old and infirm pointer-dog, deaf as a post, roasting himself before it. He uttered a sort of sepulchral howl, which he intended for a bark ; but saving by himself, the house seemed deserted. “ Poor house that keeps thyself,” me-thought. Not to be rude, I called aloud,

“ Ho ! who’s here ? If anything that’s civil, speak ; if savage, take or lend. Ho ! no answer ? then I’ll enter.”

A full-length portrait of a Highland officer, in by-gone uniform, hung in the first room I entered. He wore bonnet and trews ; but the stripes of the tartan were large in pattern, and gave him more the look of a harlequin than a soldier, and the whole dress and accoutrements were somewhat quaint, when contrasted with the modern garb of our Highland regiments of the present time. As no one was yet to be seen, I made bold to open another door, and found my way into a hall, “ hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows.” Progressing onwards, I entered a goodly parlour ; here, although still without living inhabitant, I beheld breakfast spread upon the table. A roaring fire of billets blazed upon the hearth, and the kettle sung melodiously before it. Half frozen, and my toes and finger-ends in a state of absolute torture, hungry as a hunter, too, the sight was delightful. The clock upon the mantelpiece struck eight as I entered. The family (I conjectured) having not yet made

their appearance, the breakfast waited ; but, as it was not my cue to prompt them, I retired the way I came.

Once more in the court-yard of this apparently enchanted castle, where everything seemed furnished without hands, I was blessed by the sight of a door opening on the further side, and a small bare-legged lassie, with a basket under her arm, making her appearance ; the first glimpse, however, effectually put her to flight, and vanishing by the way she came, she fled like a lapwing.

At length, to my especial relief, half a dozen more little ones made their appearance, with a full-grown female trudging after them. The little ones, like the wild urchin I had just arrested, retreated as soon as they caught sight of a stranger, and took shelter behind the approaching female, whom I now hastened to meet. She greeted me as an expected guest before I had uttered a sentence.

“ Yer servant, Sir,” she commenced. “ Eh ! but I did na expect company this hour yet.”

I now found that a party of gentlemen (in whose hands the estate was held in trust) were to arrive on that morning on especial business ; that the house was untenanted, although always kept in order ; and, as the party were expected at nine o’clock, breakfast had been prepared by the housekeeper, who was apparently the sole guardian of the place.

“ I was awa’ down at the lodge,” she said, “ to

get some eggs, and that's why ye found no one to answer to your call ; but come away, ben, and warm yersel'. As ye say ye ken the laird, he'll be right glad to meet wi' ye. Corgarff! eh! but ye'r na ganging to Corgarff in siccán a day as this is like to prove. Hout tout ! ye'll no gang awa' frae Skene without your breakfast, any how."

In short, I re-entered the building. The good dame had meanwhile received a letter to say that, owing to the weather, her expected guests deferred their meeting till the next day ; and, as I was a friend of the muckle laird's, I soon found myself quietly seated beside a glowing fire, in one of the most comfortable apartments I ever saw. The weather brightened as I supped my tea and demolished the eggs baps and haddies set before me ; the snow-storm abated ; the sun shone through the window ; the trees glittered as though covered with diamonds, and I thought, with Burns, that man need ask no more

"Than just a highland welcome."

"But pleasures," says the same delightful poet,

"are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed."

Accordingly, the sudden retire of the bright sun, and re-commencement of the storm, warned me that

I had better leave the haven I had got into, and make my way onwards, if I had any intention of reaching my destination. The wind howled again dismally around the house of Skene as I mounted, and the hospitable dame offered her parting instructions as kindly as she had offered her breakfast, and reiterated her hope over and over again, that I would bide the night at Alford.

“Haud on till ye reaeh the lodge at the end of the avenue ; tak the right hand till ye reach the brig of Alford. Stay ye there if ye be wise,” she continued, bawling after me, with her gown drawn over her head, “stay ye there the night. Gang on to Glenbucket the neist day, and tak Corgarff the day after, unless ye want to get yersel’ washed away in the Don.”

“She prophesy’d that, late or soon,  
Thou would’st be found deep-drown’d in Doon,”

thought I, and following her instructions, after some diffieulty, spite of wind, and snow, and rain, I managed to skate my horse onwards, and reached the bridge of Alford, where I proposed baiting the animal. The weather meanwhile had not improved ; what with snow, and sleet, and rain, I was powdered from top to toe. Taking care to see the best part of my steed’s feed down his throat, I entered the inn’s best room ; it was without the

appearance of comfort ; not even a wood fire ; and contrasted with the breakfast-parlour at Skene, it made me melancholy to contemplate ; so I e'en betook me to the kitchen, after which I filled my pocket-pistol with whiskey, and again took the road. The very hostler shrunk into the house, and closed the door against the storm as I spurred onwards ; and I shall never forget the dreary look of the country before me. The road wound, at times, round the base of barren roeks ; occasionally a desolate plantation of firs hung on either hand ; and then dreary and white-looking hills lay before me, which seemed as though there was no end to their interminable wilds. Sometimes the snow fell so fast that (as Falstaff has it), “ thou couldst not ‘see thy hand ;’ ” then again the sun peeped through, and the way was more perceptible.

My steed was also occasionally wading up to his knees, and snorting with alarm. More than once we fell head over heels together. Twice we stuck fast, and were brought to a stand-still for some minutes, and then floundered forwards again ; and thus we fought our way onwards for some hours. Luckily, the beast was strong, for the fatigue of the journey was immense. At last we came quite to a stand-still, and were completely puzzled. Very uncomfortable reflections suggested themselves. I sat down in the snow ; the beast stood, knee-deep, beside me ; and, in order to consider the best course

to pursue, I determined to smoke a pipe over it, and accordingly struck a light, and ignited a cigar. Before I had smoked it half through, I felt warm and comfortable, all except my toes, fingers, and nose. I even began to think the situation was romantic, and chanted Amiens' song,—

“Here shall you see no enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.”

When I arose, blinded by the snow-drift, I forgot which was the front and which the rear. However, remembering that the wind had been in my teeth, I set my face against it. Luckily, at this moment, there came a lull in the storm; still all looked white and drear; the chances seemed against us both; we had missed the road. It was a tombstone looking spot—hills upon hills—not a cot, not a hut, not a sheep, not even a bird to be observed. At length, however, I spied a something not quite so white as the rest of the world—it looked like a bridge; nay, it was a bridge. After toiling over precarious ground for half an hour, we won it, and once more gained the road; though, indeed, it was easier far to regain it, than to keep it.

The snow had now in many places drifted, and the way became more difficult. I knew full well that to be benighted in a snow-storm in this waste was to perish. I had no overcoat, only my regimental

frock. The cold was intense. I lighted a second Havannah, and looked into the Siberian region before me, then behind, then on either hand, all was desolate and dismal, nothing but hills. The sky, too, seemed to have a bilious and ill-tempered look. There was neither 'bush nor shrub to bear off the weather.' However, I felt more hurt and chagrined at having left the gay and festive scenes in the good town, than at my present condition. "To-night," I thought, as I puffed out volumes of wreathed smoke from my Havannah, "to-night is an assembly night, and 'woe, the while,' here I am buffeting about, miles and miles away, and quadrilling it with my four-footed partner in a snow-wreath. And here we are again, fast as a church, and up to the saddle-girths. Dance, quotha ! it will be a dance of death I'm thinking. However, it's of no use to give it in, let's try eight bars more ; come, let me see thee caper," I said, laying on with all my might. "Higher, ah, higher ! Excellent !"

We were through the difficulty ; then came more floundering, more bastinadoing, and more melancholy thoughts at having to leave the most delightful quarter in the world, for such a region.

It was now a labour of some time to gain twenty yards to the front, and dismounting, I led my horse through the deep road. We were now rounding the base of a hill, the night came down sudden and

dark, and the snow again began a fearful cannonade, stinging my visage like so many sharp bodkins.

“Foundations fly the wretched.” My horse hung back obstinately; he appeared knocked up. I took a pull at my whiskey-flask, and began to bawl aloud. No one answered but the bog-bittern. I got in rear of my steed, and let fly a thundering bastinado on his crupper, for I was now determined not to part company. I remembered to have heard of killing a horse, and getting inside him, on such an occasion. The idea was not a bad one. I had my rapier with me; and, if all else failed, why not perform the Cæsarean operation?

I thought I heard the bark of a dog come down the wind; it grew plainer and plainer; a twinkling light threw its beams from afar, it was like a ray of hope. I led my jaded beast towards it, we had won the inn at Glenbucket.

The inn at Glenbucket, like the establishment at the Clachan of Aberfoil, had its guests, although there was no wand stuck up at the door to warn off travellers from the only house of entertainment, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie had it, for miles round. The apartment I made my way into, too, like the one at Aberfoil, had its sleepers and its revellers at the same time; closets, like the berths in a steam-boat, being cut in the wall, which were occupied at the same moment that three or four persons were enjoying themselves at a table in the midst. Two of

them were armed to the teeth, but there all similitude to Aberfoil ended; for there was neither a Galbraith, with "more brandy than brains in his head," a Highland militiaman, with trews and singed pladdie, nor a shock-headed Dougald creature, in kilt, targe, and claymore. The armed men wore blue, with black belt, cutlass, pistols, and fusee. They were sailors belonging to a cutter, and stationed amongst the hills for the same purpose that I myself had been sent so far, namely, to look after smugglers. Mine hostess and family were also of the party, and the assemblage were at that moment about to commence their tea—"delightful task." There could be nothing more fragrant than the odour of that herb to the nostrils of a man cold and wearied with travel. Ever while you live remember to call for tea at a Highland inn—it is a perfect feast. There was bread and bannocks, eggs and finnon haddies, mutton-colllops, marmalade, and a dozen things beside. "But more than this, than these, than all," there was another "Highland welcome."

It might reasonably have been supposed that, having undergone this inclement ride, I should now be delighted to take mine ease in mine inn; but no, I felt restless and miserable. The party had dispersed, and I sat alone watching the embers on the hearth. Distant scenes were brought to my recollection, and, as I mused on past times, I grew more

discontented with my present situation. Now and then came a prolonged snore from the sleepers; bitter thoughts intruded; I philosophized upon life. What was it, after all, but (as some man somewhere says) a stone shied into a horsepond? There was a terrible run upon the cigars that evening, and yet I could not get mine own content. Why had I been thus sent to eat the bitter bread of banishment at Corgarff? “ ‘Tis the curse of service,” I again philosophized aloud; “ preferment goes by letter and affection.” Like all young soldiers, I thought myself aggrieved at what I ought to have rejoiced. “ I shall never look upon my northern friends again,” said I mournfully; and, having satisfactorily made up my mind to believe so, I arose, and went to look upon my horse.

The snow-storm had ceased, the sky had somewhat brightened, and the frost was more intense. I felt I could never, in my present state of mind, remain where I was.

“ Corgarff!” I said, once more philosophizing, “ I’ll find thee out this night.”

I fell in with one of the armed sailors in the stable, and we made a bargain to try and reach the Castle together. At last I found a man who knew where to put his hand upon Corgarff.

“ Hire yon shelt,” said the man, “ if ye’re wise; for we’ll ha’e a tussle for ’t ere we win through.”

My new comrade was a rough-looking fellow,

with pistols in his belt, hanger by his side, and short blaek stump of a pipe in his mouth. He was no bad representative of Dirk Hatteraik, or, at least, one of "der fine fellows" composing the crew of his lugger. He strode manfully on for some distance, and I followed after upon the shelt. It soon, however, became necessary for him to slacken his pace, as the depth of the snow made the road in some placees almost impassable. Thus we held onwards for some hours, till I began to be suspicious that Corgarff was either indeed the visionary fortress it had hitherto appeared, or that it must be retreating before our laboured advance, or, what was more probable than either, that my guide had lost his way. I was the more convinced the latter was the case from his now frequently coming to a halt, seratching his knowledge-box, and staring into the unpicturesque landscape around. Accordingly, I thought it best to have an explanation at once.

"My friend," said I, "you have been making several tacks lately, but you don't seem to regain your course. Another such treacherous foundation as you led me into just now, and you'll make a shipwreck of the expedition altogether."

"Why, yes," he answered, "I find myself rather puzzled here. However, though I don't exactly know where I am, I'll take my davy we can't be far from Toumantoul—that I'll swear to, anyhow."

"Come, my man," I said, "light up your

dudeen, take a pull at my whiskey-flask, and move forwards. It's no use remaining stationary : we shall take root where we stand, if you don't resolve on something soon."

"I'm thinking," said the sailor, "that I begin to ken something more of the part of the country we're in. If I'm not very much deceived, there's a hut on the side of yon rise."

"Now heaven be praised for it!" I exclaimed ; "let us have at it instanter. As friend Sancho says, 'He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly deserveth to rue.'"

Spurring my pony impetuously forwards in the direction pointed out, in a few minutes he floundered forwards, and sunk up to his middle in a "slough of despond" it was in vain to try and deliver him from. In this extremity, "most provident in peril," I threw myself off as he rolled into the mire, though not in time to prevent being glued up to the middle in a mud-bath, from which my friend and guide was fain almost to lug me out by the ears. The steed being thus stabled in a half-frozen morass, the sailor proposed making the best of his way to the cottage in order to procure assistance, whilst I remained where I was.

I cannot say that I ever felt perfect solitude till that moment. Zimmerman could have no idea of it. A gloomy feeling enveloped my mind, and a thick coating of half-frozen mud my body. Without stopping

to say good-bye, my only friend had turned his back upon me, and left me in this unpleasant dilemma. I felt inclined to despair. What if my guide, finding the difficulties of the situation beginning to accumulate, and not finding the hut, had resolved to leave me to my fate? Every minute seemed an hour; I was perfectly chilled, and could not walk a step further.

The snow, as if to add to my misery, began to fall, sounding in the wind as if hissing me to scorn. Even the pony, who was blowing like an otter only a few yards from me, was now hidden from my view. My flasket had, like myself, become a body without a soul almost, and I felt 'perplexed in the extreme.' I began to call aloud. Was that the howl of the wolf, or the cry of the hill fox? To my relief it was neither; 'twas the voice of my sometime comrade.

Two sturdy Highlanders drew out the shelt with ropes, and, being assisted on his back, we breasted the hill, and were in a few minutes withinside the hut. Here we procured some of the mountain dew, which brought the tears into our eyes, and warmth to our hearts. The turf fire was alight; some bannocks made a grateful supper; and one of the Highlanders offering to guide us to Corgarff, which, he affirmed, was not a mile distant, we started again with renewed spirits, and, after a rapid walk of some minutes, began to ascend a small hill.

“There’s the castle,” said the Highlander, slapping his hand upon a white mass, almost indistinct in the pelting snow.

“Where, where, I prithee, where?” I exclaimed, in my eagerness to behold the long sought fortress.

The rattling sound of a musket and fixed bayonet brought to the port, and the challenge of a sentinel, on the other side of the loop-holed wall, instantly proclaimed its whereabouts.

“Who comes there?” shouted the sentinel within the walls.

“Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane.”

“Sergeant of the guard!” roared the sentinel, “here’s the officer from Aberdeen.”

The word passed from sentinel to sentinel, the clash and clatter of armed men rushing out of the guard-room was heard. A ponderous gate was unloked, and swung open; the door closed upon us as we entered; three turns, like the twist of a turnkey, again secured it, and we were at last within the fastness.

#### THE CASTLE.

The Castle of Corgarff was, as we have seen, no air-built fortress—it was a real *bona fide* castle—real as the very rock its foundation was cemented on. I had indeed at length achieved it, discovered it, made

my way to it, spite of the fury of the elements, and the Siberian region it was situated in, and actually stood entombed within the “roundure of its old-faced walls.” I looked with “laek-lustre eye” at the drowsy gnard, who, shivering in their grey great-coats, hung crouching over a blazing turf-fire withinside a sort of hole, or dog-kennel, situated close beside the gateway. I gazed upon the Bardolphic-nosed sergeant, who stood before me saluting with one hand, and uprearing a huge fragment of blazing pine in the other, and at length heaved a deep sigh, as I thought that for such an iron-bound and solitary-looking bastile, I had left the new scenes and uncommon adventures of the head-quarter department, and all its pride and circumstance. A huge flanking wall, piercèd every three or four feet with loop-holes, surrounded the building, which was a square, heavily-built, and thick-ribbed tower, its few windows being secured by iron stanchions, more strong and massive than are often to be met with in many a Scottish toll-booth.

Fresh hopes, however, saith the poet, are hourly sown in furrowed bosoms ; and my next thoughts were more cheering, as I reflected that I had just emancipated myself from the howling wilderness without, and was at length safe—at home—at Corgarff.

The worthy non-commissioned officer, who had stood with military propriety, rigid as his own hal-

bert, and quietly waiting for orders, immediately brought down his saluting palm, and clutching the huge bunch of keys which hung at his girdle, selected that particular one which unlocked the door, giving entrance to the building, and, then coming to the right about once more, lifted his torch on high, and ushered me into the interior of the Castle of Despair. After ascending half-a-dozen steps, the sergeant turned to the left, and opening a narrow door, admitted me into a small closet-like apartment, containing, as far as I could perceive by the flame of his torch, one chair, one table, one seaman's chest, and an iron bedstead in one corner. The slimy walls were of great thickness, the chimney of vast size, and a single arrow-slit served as a window to the dungeon. Applying his flaming brand to the candle, which stood upon the table, the sergeant thrust the torch into the half-extinguished turf upon the hearth. He then informed me that he would find some placee fitting for my steed, and take especial care of the guide; saying which, he made one salute towards myself, and one towards the bed, and going to the right about once more, he betook himself to the court of guard.

Supposing the sergeant had ushered me into the quarter which had been in the occupation of my subaltern predecessor, and whose hasty order to embark with a draft for the Sugar Islands of the west had sent me thither, I laid violent hands upon

a black bottle of full-proof whiskey, which stood upon the table, and proceeded to help myself to a comfortable glass.

No one, except he hath sat in the dungeon of a solitary tower, situated in the mountainous region of the north, and during the depth of winter, and this, too, in the dead of night, and during a tempest of wind and snow, can conceive the oddity of such a situation, and the villainous compound of horrible sounds which whistled, shrieked, and bellowed around the Castle of Corgarff. The winds roared like the continuous rush of some mighty cataract, the chimney piped and groaned in concert, whilst the sentinels who paced around the building, calling to each other with “dire yell,” and naming the progress of the night every quarter of an hour, added to the discord.

“Lamentations heard i’ the air, strange screams of death,”

thought I. O worthy Shakespeare! what situation during life’s fitful fever can we be placed in that we do not, after the holy volume, refer to thy wondrous page? “A largess universal like the sun” thou art to us poor mortals. The roaring and whistling of the storm became music as I thought upon the weird sisters untying the winds to fight against the churches, “making the yesty waves confound and

swallow navigation up," and "toppling castles on their warders' heads." Nay, also how,

"Duncan's horses,  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, fling out,  
And ate each other."

The thick-walled and chilly eell, in which I was a sort of prisoner, became of interest as I thought upon these mighty words, and remembered that I was in the country of the Highland thane—perhaps "neighbooured by his battlements,"—and I began to consider seriously, and compute from all I knew, all I had gathered *en route*, and the way I had that day travelled, whereabouts I really and truly was.

"Here," said I, rising, and taking up my sheathed rapier from the table where, having unbuckled it, I had laid it on my entrance—"here, where I point my sword, the sun arises, 'which is a great way growing in the south ;' and here lies Toumantoul. Here," continued I, turning to my right, "here lies Inverness, as I conceive some fifty miles away across the hills. Here," said I, coming to the right-about, "lies Perth and 'bonny Dundee ;' and here,"—I was about to conclude, as I turned to the other quarter of the globe,—"here lies—"

“Captain Archibald M’Lean,” cried a voice issuing from the corner of the apartment I was pointing towards, “very much at your service.”

“Angels and ministers of grace,” I was about to say, as my eyes, now fully directed, for the first time, towards the corner of the room where the truckle-bed was deposited, beheld an exceedingly lank visage, surmounted by a thick red woollen night-cap, gradually lift itself up from the coverlet, and stare at me with no small amazement.

“Captain Archibald M’Lean, very much at your service,” again repeated the head. “May I beg the favour of *your* name?”

I was somewhat startled at this sudden apparition. The flickering rushlight, which in the dreary room had quite enough employment to hold its fitful flame upon its own particular wick, without dispensing sufficient light to see even to the extremity of the dungeon, gave me but an imperfect view of the speaker; and the turf-fire, during my meditations upon the weird sisters, the blasted heath, and the Thanes of Glanis, Cawdor and Fife, had altogether been snowed out and had expired. The repetition, however, of the name which the ‘armed (or rather night-capped) head’ gave itself, at once explained the circumstance of my having been shown into, and in consequence broken the rest of the commandant of the garrison; and, after begging pardon for my unceremonious conduct, I proceeded

to do that at last, which I ought to have thought of at first, and reported to Captain Archibald M'Lean, my arrival at the Castle of Corgarff.

The Captain was extremely glad to make my acquaintance—welcomed me to the Highlands—told me to take down and sound three notes upon a bugle, which hung over the fire-place, as a summons to his servant; and thrusting his Highland legs out of bed, proceeded to encase himself in his outward garments, in order to give me a “Highland welcome.” So that in a few minutes we had a roaring fire, which sent twice as much smoke into the room as up the chimney, a kettle of water thereon, clean tumblers, fragrant cigars, the before-named bottle of full-proof, and part of what appeared to be the buttock of a well-grown donkey, but which, in reality, was red-deer venison, set before us; and, but that the thick smoke from the fire rolling in huge volumes, enwreathed us so completely, that occasionally we were hidden from each other's sight, we might have absolutely felt comfortable.

“To a man,” said the Captain, hitching to the fire the tub of spirits, which he had appropriated as a seat, for want of a second chair; “to a man who is secluded here, like Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain, believe me, Ensign Marvel, it is no small gratification to get up in the dead of night to make you welcome; and, although I am extremely delighted to see you at Corgarff, I am free to confess

that I wonder exceedingly how you managed to get here."

"What masks," said I, willing to turn the conversation, "what abridgment have you to ease the anguish of the hours in this lone and desolate Corgarff? How shall we beguile the lazy time, if not with some device?"

"Ha! ha!" returned the Captain. "There spoke the juvenile, whose sole idea is, that to dance at a ball with a chivalrous port, and a laeed-jacket, forms one of the most essential employments of the soldier's life. Yes, here is an actual subaltern of Highlanders, hardly three hours old at his first detachment, and already almost disgusted with the service. Depend on't, my good Sir, if you look with my experience, you will find yourself in exceeding good quarters. For mine own part, I volunteered here out of my turn, and mean to remain the whole two years I conceive this party will be kept upon the hills.

"Two years!" I exclaimed; "two years, my dear Sir! Did you say two years was the likely term we are to be employed in this service? Give me but a sergeant's party, two days rations, and full powers, and I swear to thee, by the white ridge of Benlidi, that I will destroy every bothie in Strathdon. Two years! Captain M'Lean, perish the idea of such a waste of life."

"And when, pray, do you expect to return to head-quarters?" inquired the Captain.

"Certainly," I replied, "at the end of three months (the usual term), when another subaltern will be sent out to relieve me."

"Indeed!" returned the Captain, "the idea is not an unpleasant one; but, unhappily, there is no stated period for relief of this detachment. Once here, you will remain until the regiment gets a route for some other quarter of the globe. Yes, Ensign Marvel, you are a young soldier, and have much to learn. Fill your glass. How long did you say you had joined?"

"Two months." I sighed.

"But two months. Good. Then you have been sent here out of your turn. You will, I see plainly, be out here four years instead of two, unless, indeed, you are wanted to feed the land-crabs in Demerara."

"I'll volunteer there," said I. "Immediately send in my name to head-quarters, Captain, if you love me."

"Ah! ah;" said the commandant; "so will all the detachment, drummer, piper, pioncers, and all. That is the burthen of the song—anywhere but Corgarff."

By this time, our bottle had become rather low, the Captain's nose gave token that he was

in the arms of “nature’s soft nurse;” the rush-candle had also burnt down to a snuff; the turf-fire was altogether swamped; and the shivering sentinels within the loop-holed walls, “the third hour of drowsy morning named.” So the Captain’s Highland serving-man having, ere he retired, with infinite celerity and cleverness, shaken down a cloak and blanket, by way of a couch for me, I followed the example of my superior, and, rolling myself up amongst these habiliments, was soon fast as “weariness upon the flint.”

By computation, and the report of the still-howling sentinels, I must have enjoyed some two hours’ repose, when the loud beat of an unbraced sheep-skin, rattling and rolling scarce ten feet above, “drummed in my ear,” at which, starting, I awoke;

“ And being thus frightened, swore a prayer or two,  
And tried to sleep again.”

Presently, however, the ear-piercing fife went through my brain like a sharp bodkin, and effectually aroused me. If the reader has never heard an infantry brass-drum, beaten as a British drummer can and will beat it, and that, too, under the same roof with himself; although he may have, Petruchio-like, listened to “great ordnance in the field,” heard lions roar, and even been assailed by woman’s tongue, he can yet have no proper conception of

the villainous compound of noises which now disturbed “the curtain’d sleep” at Corgarff.

To add to this concord of sweet sounds, the screaming skirl of a Highland bagpipe rendered ten times more discordant than I had ever before heard that sweet instrument, from the circumstance of its being apparently almost in the same apartment, began also to blow up a terrible yell, whilst the heavy tread of some sixty or seventy individuals rushing from their beds, added to the clamour.

“ Hallo !” said I, sitting up in my “ flinty and steel couch,” “ this will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have all my music for nothing. What, in the name of the fiend, is the matter ? The place smells like a jail. What a horrible savour of rank tobacco and vinegar wine. Best rouse the Captain ; the castle’s surely on fire ! What, Lucius, ho ! Lucius, awake, I say ! ‘ I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.’ ”

“ Hallo, there ! what’s ado ? ” growled M’Lean. “ What the de’il are ye making such a rout about ? Go to sleep, Ensign Marvel, go to sleep.”

“ Sleep, my good Sir,” I said, “ do you talk of sleep amidst such a din as that above. Get up, Captain, and strike a light, for the love of Heaven ! the castle is on fire, or the frame of things disjoint.”

“ Pshaw ! ” said the Captain, turning on his pillow. “ Go to sleep, Ensign Marvel, till parade

time comes. You'll find plenty of dull hours on hand at Corgarff, without stealing them from the night. That's only the reveillée sounding. When you have been fain to eat, drink and sleep, at the sound of the drum for forty years, you'll repose as soundly to its accompaniment as I do."

"Oh, Heaven ! methought ; better be with the dead, as Macbeth says, than be obliged to sleep in the affliction of such terrible dreams, as (apparently here) shake one nightly."

Curses, both loud and deep, also now began to ring out, as the men in the ill-boarded floor above scrambled about, in the endeavour to turn out at the summons of the non-commissioned officers. Meanwhile, the noise having in some sort subsided, and the men having rather rushed down than descended the stairs, borne open the huge door with their united strength, and commenced digging the castle out of the snow ("their custom always in the early dawn,") I ventured again to coax myself into a sort of fitful slumber, from which I was awakened by a tremendous buffet, which seemed to have demolished half the teeth in my head.

" Hallo, there !" I exclaimed, as soon as I recovered my breath and senses, " what kind of treatment is this for a gentleman and a soldier. Captain, thou abominable d——d cheater ! thou rascally, yea, forsooth, knave ! thou whoreson Achitophel !

if you have put this thing upon me, thou shalt rue the hour within the hour."

Saying this, I tried to arise ; but apparently one of the coping-stones of the tower had fallen from its pinnacle, and been dashed in my faee, whilst a sort of cross-beam lay athwart my legs, and a dead weight pressed heavily upon my epigastrum. I clutched the offending object nearest to my hands, and, hurling it into the air, transferred it from my own features to the proboscis of Captain M'Lean, who in turn sent it spinning to the other side of the dungeon, with a bellow like the roar of a Highland bull.

"Eh, Sirs ! Gad be here ! but what's yon ? Ensign Marvel, Sir, what's this you have thown at me ?"

"I know not, Captain," I replied, "the usages of this fortress ; but it appears to me 'some airy devil hovers in the sky, and pours down mischief.' I am battered and bruised here in a most unhandsome style. To all appearance, the roof of the tower above is being blown piecemeal into the Dee, and fragments of the battlements are falling upon our heads. For my own part, there is not a square inch of my body that is not pounded into mummy ; my nose is flattened, and my jaws half-disfur-nished."

"Donald M'Kenzie," said the Captain to the

serving-man, who at that moment entered the cell, “ Donald, man, look upon that knapsack, pouch, firelock, and bayonet, and observe which of my unlucky scoundrels has allowed them to fall through the flooring above us.”

It was even so ; the flooring over-head was in so dilapidated a condition, that it was no uncommon circumstance for the men’s accoutrements to come tumbling through some chasm into the apartment beneath.

Such was Corgarff, and such was my first night on detachment in the Highlands.

“ Ensign Marvel,” said the Captain, soon after the serving-man had left the room, “ I presume you hear the clamour of that drum, which, reverberating over the hills so pleasantly, advertises us that the men are on parade. Perhaps you will excuse my soliciting the favour of your attendance upon the ceremony ; after which you will oblige me by rejoining me here at breakfast, and reporting the state of the detachment.”

Upon this order I patched up my dilapidated jaws, replaced some of my front teeth, shook myself like a Newfoundland dog, and girding on my rapier, sallied outside the walls of the castle.

I looked around, as soon as I was fairly outside the building, in order to observe the aspect and appearance of the extraordinary region I had got into. There was not much to interest or make me

in love with the view presented. Dreary wastes of snow extended for miles and miles eastward, fogs and bogs, mosses and morasses were to the westward; craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills were to the north; and a lonesome glen, through which the rapid Don wound its course, was to the south. No tree was to be observed, no hut or cot-tage was to be seen. The castle looked like some tomb or pyramid of the desert; and the roll of the drum, which rattled out, and was borne far away in the rushing blast, sounded like a hopeless signal of distress from a solitary vessel alone in an unknown sea.

The detachment, consisting of seventy hapless exiles, including myself and the Captain, was assembled upon a little esplanade, which had been cut out by themselves for the purpose of parading on, a sort of shelf in the rock, where they stood two deep in rank, and knee-deep in snow. They stood with ordered arms, and quite at ease, albeit that, unlike any other soldiers I had ever before seen, they were so far from carrying themselves erect and soldier-like as they stood, that each man was bent forwards into a hoop; and, such was the force and fury of the winds, that it was all they could do to stand at all.

“The power of man,” says a great writer, “at no time appears more contemptible than when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and

dignity. The army of Montrose, when in the act of ascending the passes, and traversing the Highlands, seemed a contemptible handful of stragglers about to be devoured by the jaws of the mountain.” The truth of this saying of the great Sir Walter struck forcibly upon me as I regarded the handful of individuals on parade, their tartans fluttering, and their accoutrements clattering in the furious breeze, huddled “shoulder to shoulder,” and looking like a flock of scarts, or sea-gulls, perched upon the shelving-rock, and almost frozen to the spot they clung to.

“Company — at-ten-tion!” shouted the Bardolphic sergeant, as he stepped up, and presented me with a small strip of paper, containing the state of his power. “The men are all present, Sir, he said, except those employed to slaughter the ox, to bake oat-cakes and barley-scones, to heave the snow out of the rooms and dungeons of the castle, and those employed in heating water for the men who will be frost-bitten when parade is over. Have a care, Sir, how you move!” he continued, as I was about to approach the company, in order to peruse them in rank; “if you get too much headway in this wind, you’ll be carried clean down the mountain side into Invernesshire. We’ve already lost four men in that way sin’ we came, who have been reported deserters ever since.”

Now be it known this was the first time I had

ever had greatness thrust upon me, and been in command on parade. But two months joined, saving the goose step and part of the manual and platoon, I was perfectly innocent of all knowledge of military matters—had never “set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster.”

In few, the Highlanders were infinitely amused with the oddity of this drill parade. Their features, spite of discipline, became affected with sundry convulsive twitchings; and even the face of the grim sergeant, which ordinarily bore a most unaccountable resemblance to a bass viol, was now (in his efforts at maintaining a proper and dignified deportment,) drawn into the resemblance of a spout.

Finishing the exercise by a volley, which sent sixty bullets across the waste, and awakened all the echoes from Lonach to Loichtsoidhar, I was about to express my satisfaction at the efficiency of the detachment, when a harsh voice superseded me in command, and reduced me to a cypher.

“Sergeant Bendochie,” said the voice, “order arms, unfix bayonets, and march the men in. Ensign Marvel, Sir, you are under arrest—close arrest.”

I turned, and beheld Captain Archibald M’Lean “standing in slippers, which his nimble haste had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.”

“Go to your room,” he said.

I attempted to expostulate, but it was in vain.

“ The room, Corporal Mactavish, below the foundations of the castle, the subaltern’s quarter, show Mr. Marvel into. Place a sentinel over him, and order my servant to bring breakfast immediately.”

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Angry winter passed away, and the approach of spring still found us lying at pleasure at Corgarff. Each day was a month. Captain M’Lean, having so effective an officer, had given himself leave of absence, and left me sole and solitary in command, king of Strathdon. To incessant snow had succeeded constant rain. I had laboured in my vocation, and carried the war so successfully into the glens and fastnesses around, that the blackened rafters and umbered remains of what were once the bothies of the hardy whiskey-brewers, are now all that the adventurous grouse-shooter can discover of that popular trade, when, one wet morning, the Captain, returning in haste, ordered a heavy marching-order parade, formed advance and rear-guards, locked up the castle, and putting the key in his pocket, prepared to depart.

“ *Seid suas!*” he shouted, as he drew his claymore, “ strike up—quick march!”

The detachment moved forwards; they descended the slope upon which the castle was situated, and, as the head of the party was seen to emerge from the mists they had so long been dwellers in, the pipes, after sending forth a wailing cry, struck up the celebrated

dirge with which the Highlanders march to the shore when about to embark for some distant clime—“*Cha till mi tuille*,—we return no more.”\*

“M’Lean,” I said, as I ventured to accost him, after we had safely stemmed the torrent of the rushing Don, “are we fairly quit of these fastnesses? Do you really mean to say we are sounding ‘farewell to Strathdon?’”

“Even so, Ensign Marvel,” he replied; “I believe we have now quite done with that ‘loveliest spot of earth.’”

“And our destination?” I said, “is it headquarters, M’Lean?”

“There lies my way—due west,” said the chief, pointing his claymore down the pass before us.

“Then, westward, ho!” said I, joyfully, “for England, cousin, if you will.”

“Not so, good swabber,” returned the captain, putting an official into my hand, “you are to hull here a little longer. Although the mortality in the west hath made it necessary to order out an extra draft, till we sail, good sir, we have to pursue our present employment. Accordingly, I am marching this morning, Ensign Marvel, towards Dee side in order to relieve the forty-twa stationed in the Castle of Braemar.”

\* The 25th. The Kings Own Borderers furnished this detachment in 1827. Since the days of Prince Charlie no red coats had occupied Corgarff, and after the departure of the 25th no other party was sent there.

CAPTAIN DRYASDUST'S VISIT TO SANDWICH,  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THAT CINQUE PORT.

I have heard, said Captain Dryasdust, a great deal of twaddle, and many fine things upon the subject of Christmas in the country, and all the sports and diversions to be found in an old house at that season of the year. But I cannot say I ever found Christmas in the country, a much more lively affair than the same season in town. I am, indeed, a sceptic upon all such matters, and think that your so called merry meetings, social enjoyments, and all that sort of thing in England, are but dull sport, in nine cases out of ten.

An old baronial hall, with lots of fine women, plenty of mistletoe and holly, some score or two of turkeys, with plum-puddings, and bowls of punch to match, might do very well to make the time pass, and lure a man out of his usual London haunts. Still I say, in the present day, and under the present system, defend me from the country, and its so-called Christmas joys. Society in England, as now constituted, forbids the banns—we cannot be jovial if we would ; we have committed suicide upon our own joys, and chosen rather a starched style, impossible to be broken through. Nay, all the time-honoured customs are refined away. In former

days, I can easily conceive the manners of our ancestors more suited to the sort of thing. Yes, Christmas in the country to be really enjoyed must, of necessity, be spent in a great rambling mansion, with tapestried-rooms, wood-fires, and quaint appliances to boot, whilst ‘gramercies, quotheas, and by’re ladies,’ should be also rife in the conversation. There should also be a swaggering, free and easy, and hearty style amongst the men; and a merry-eyed, and affable manner amongst the women. Then there should be no sort of ‘noli-me-tangere’ work, no starched etiquette, no jealousy of position, and setting oneself up above a neighbour; but all should be free, open-hearted, unostentatious, good old English sociability and hospitality, or else the affair becomes as frigid as the time of year itself.

I can imagine that Prince Hal and Poins, together with some three or four more such out-an-out blades, were very good company in their way, and made the time pass right merrily. I can, I say, readily believe that the arrival and presence of such boon companions, would make a short sojourn in a country-house vastly agreeable, whilst the snow lay thick upon the ground. Nay, the sayings of such roysterers would, doubtless, have kept one’s face “like a wet cloak, ill-laid up,” from continued laughter. But, oh my masters all, defend me from a country-house, or country town, and Christmas festivities, as society is now constituted.

Once in my life, an invitation led me at Christmas tide to a remarkably dull town in the county of Kent, a *sort* of sea-port, a place which had, perhaps, been a populous port, but the sea having receded from its neighbourhood, it had become, as it were, superannuated, and fallen to decay. As a natural curiosity, or a place of interest to an antiquarian like myself, it was well enough; the top stories of the houses in the narrow, damp, and dark old streets, looked like the bulk-heads of opposing ships, from which the men and maids of opposite dwellings might have made love, without fear of detection from their masters and mistresses below. Of massive chimneys, sloping roofs, gable-ends, and gate-houses there were great plenty, but of inhabitants, there seemed, indeed, to be but few. It was, I remember, on Christmas-day that I arrived in this town. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and what few inhabitants there were, were not to be seen in the streets. The room of the old-fashioned inn, at which I had sought refuge, was chilly as a vault. Except the landlord and landlady, and one slip-shod attendant, there appeared no one in the house. Everything seemed dull, damp, and decayed. Still, uncheering as was the look of the hostel at this period of the year, its aspect in some sort jumped with my humour. I had received several invitations to many hospitable mansions in various parts of England, and was actually on my way to

one of them, when I arrived at this sombre-looking town. In fine, I somehow felt so much interested in the look of antiquity, and the decay around, that, in place of proceeding, I resolved to spend my Christmas alone in this locality, and, if possible, grub up some of the curiosities with which it abounded. "Doubtless," I said, as, after a frugal repast, I looked around the antique apartment, and observed its oak-pannelled respectability, its elaboration of carving, and the several worm-eaten portraits of Flemish-faced oddities, dressed in quaint costume; "doubtless, many a Christmas gathering has taken place here, and many a succession of human mortals have fretted their hour upon this stage and long been forgotten. Yes, whole generations have dwelt their allotted time within these walls, and are heard no more—have 'come like shadows, so departed'—all their aspirations, their joys, their sorrows, their best and worst of deeds are, like themselves, vanished."

Whilst I pondered over these matters, "sitting by the fire," and occasionally regarding some old records which lay before me, the iron-tongue of the bell of St. Peter's Church "tolled one unto the drowsy race of night." The chirp of the cricket upon the hearth became more indistinct; and as I gazed up at the quaint-cut figures upon the old mantle-piece, they seemed gradually to fade from my sight; "a heavy summons lay like lead upon me,"

and I fell fast asleep. No sooner had I done so, than the apartment seemed to change; and old in style, as it was before, it now assumed a still more antique appearance. In place of a sea-coal fire, and a modern grate, the dogs of the ample hearth bore the crackling yule-log which sent forth a ruddy and cheerful blaze, as the snow-storm rattled against the latticed-windows, and each article of furniture became of a more cumbrous and singularly-antique fashion. It appeared to me, indeed, that I had passed into the respectable apartment of some wealthy person, and no longer tenanted the sanded parlour of an ill-furnished hostel. As I gazed around, I found I was not altogether alone. A portly figure seemed gradually to expand into distinctness, and occupy the huge arm-chair on the other side of the hearth. It presented the appearance of some "native burgher," or Cinque Port Baron of a former age, having a round, red face, and goggle-eyes, which were immovably fixed upon mine own; long hair, which fell like flax upon a distaff over either shoulder, a trifling cane-coloured beard, starved-looking and thin, and a huge ruff, starched to the stiffness of a deal-board around its neck. The figure also I found, when it became fully developed, wore a quaint-eut doublet, of a snuff or sad coloured hue; his trunk hose were of capacious make and dimensions, slashed and puffed with orange tawny; a tiny cloak reached but to the middle of his back, rosettes were in his

black, square-toed shoes, and a dagger in his girdle ; and as he sat and stared at me, he puffed from a capacious-bowled pipe huge volumes of tobacco smoke, of most exquisite flavour.

“ You seem vastly interested, Mynheer,” said the vision, addressing me. “ Yes, uncommonly interested with this bye-gone specimen of an antiquated Cinque Port. I have, Mynheer, observed your motions here for some hours past, you appealingly employed in grubbing up traditions, records, and transactions, now for the most part lost in the mists of antiquity. If you permit me, I will help you to a few facts, so fill your glass, re-light your pipe, and listen.”

I thanked the respectable-looking burgher, and begged the favour of his name.

“ Nicholas Vanderhenden,” replied the vision, “ formerly merchant and Mayor of Sandwich ; an emigrant during the persecution for religion in Brabant and Flanders. A manufacturer and dealer in sayes, bays, and flannel. This house, now reduced to an hostel, was formerly my dwelling, and here many generations of the Vanderhendens have tarried their allotted time, and departed. For myself, I lie in the church of the Carmelites in this town, but my spirit will haunt my old dwelling here so long as modern improvement permits one stone to remain on another.”

At this period of the old burgher’s discourse, a

large Dutch clock over the mantelpiece “the third hour of morning named.” The vibrating stroke jarred upon my ear and awoke me, and as I opened my eyes they rested upon a portrait opposite—the veritable likeness of Master Nicholas Vanderhenden. Nay, as I arose and seized the candle in order to assure myself the little man was not actually bodily in presence, I stumbled over a pile of worm-caten volumes lying upon the floor, just beneath the spot where the picture hung. Antiquated looking as the house itself, the volumes instantly arrested my curiosity. In fine, I found they treated of the very town I was in, and as a careful perusal of them during the time I spent there has enabled me to arrive at its history from the earliest period of its erection, I shall present the result of my researches to the reader in the shape of

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CINQUE PORTS IN GENERAL AND SANDWICH IN PARTICULAR.

The Cinque Ports were formerly places of great note and importance in our island. What they were, indeed, we conceive it is not in the power of any historian exactly to define, neither has the period of their first institution been agreed upon; some authorities having made the incorporation of

the Cinque Ports an act of William the Conqueror, and others, again, refer it to Edward the Confessor. Be that as it may, there is little doubt but that such institution was an imitation of the system of the Romans, who, during the time they sojourned upon our shores, found themselves under the necessity of protecting the coasts opposite to the Continent, by the establishment of garrisons in *nine* different places, where may still be observed traces of the might and magnificence in the mouldering fragments of the fortresses they have left behind them.\*

At a period subsequent to the retirement of the Roman Legions from Britain, we have reason to believe that a sort of contraction of their establishment was devised, in consequence of our own particular foes confining their attacks at that time to those parts of our shores bordering the narrow seas; and as these Cinque Ports were a sort of outposts to the kingdom, continually swooped upon by the foeman, they were, therefore, more especially distinguished from the remainder of the towns in England, by the grant of especial privileges, laws, and customs.

\* The names of these stations were Athona, Dubris, Lemanis, Branodunum, Gariononum, Regulbium, Rutupis, Anderida, and Portus Adrani. These all present ruins of Roman fortresses, and in their immediate neighbourhood are situated some of the Cinque Ports.

The five ports, and the two additional ancient towns thus selected and particularized, were Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, Hythe, Winchelsea, and Rye.

In the book of Doomsday, however, only Dover, Sandwich, and Romney, are specified as privileged ports, which has caused some antiquarians to opine, that, at the period of the production of that important volume, there was *no* community of Cinque Ports. We shall not in this place either cudgel our own, or bother the brains of our readers upon that matter, any further than to say, we think King John set the subject at rest in the Charter he granted to these ports, in which he mentions that the Barons of the Cinque Ports had at *that* time in their own possession charters from preceding kings as far back as Edward the Confessor, and which, he says, *I myself have seen.*

The Barons of the Cinque Ports were doubtless men of a staid and dignified deportment not only in their own, but in the estimation of every person in the nation. Such a title of honour is familiar in our mouths even now; yet we firmly believe that not one person in ten recollects to have seen a Cinque Port noble, or knows in what such a term of honour and glory consists.

In order to explain the reason why the freemen of the five ports attained this eminence, and that in early times these sea-port Barons actually had

rank amongst the nobility of the kingdom, we have only to remind our readers, that the Cinque Ports being those harbours nearest to the enemy's shores, their inhabitants were necessarily obliged to be continually in readiness to repel invasion, and consequently were a more warlike community of citizens than those of any other towns in the island. Every man, indeed, from fourteen to fourscore and upwards, was liable to be called to the walls. The towns themselves were indefatigable garrisons, watched and warded with jealous care, each arrow-slit, bristling with its cloth yard shaft, each loophole and embrasure of the numerous towers, with a sleepless eye upon sea and land.

Let us for a moment pause, and take a step into the “dark backward and abysm of time,” in order to glance upon one of these sea-built towns, standing “within the roundure of its old faced walls.” Let us imagine its discipline, its armed citizens, who like Branksholme’s garrison, ever ready for the border-feud, like them also, in time of mistrust and doubt.

“Quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night.”

Let us imagine the strict surveillance maintained at each gate-house, sally-port, and postern; whilst the bearded sentinel upon the walls, as he listened

to the sea dashing upon the beach, peered from tower and turret for the hostile sail. Those were times indeed when lawless hordes swarmed upon our sea-ports, worked disastrous scenes, and acts of death upon their inhabitants, and like savages spread their sails, and gave their ships to the wind, ere retribution could overtake them. The Cinque Ports being thus a sort of advance posts upon our shores, and the citizens constantly in readiness to cry “*Alerte, to the walls!*” the state depended upon them for its safety, and rewarded such *suit and service*, by a grant of privileges and honours.

The Cinque Port Barons in early days, ranked before all knights, and with the peers of the realm. They held the especial privilege, only lately dispensed with, of walking at the coronations of our kings, and carrying a canopy over the royal head, and *by right* they sat at the coronation feast at their own particular table, situated at the right hand of the king. Nay, on any other occasion, upon the Cinque Port Barons being “in the presence,” and invited to feast with the king, they always claimed, and *had* their table at his right hand. These Barons have ever, indeed, been jealous of any infraction of their privileges. The levelling system of modern times has, however, nearly annihilated the customs of the olden days, although as late as the year 1761, the Cinque Port Barons, on finding

their table at the coronation removed from its proper place of honour, flatly refused to sit in any other part of Westminster Hall during the feast.

The Mayor and head officers of the Cinque Ports, also had particular privileges. For any misconduct in their office, the Lord Warden and his comabors of those ports, and the king himself and his council and their own peers, alone had power to judge them. The Mayor was in olden times a terrible functionary in a Cinque Port town. We can imagine such a sea-built magistrate in all his quaintness and amphibious nature, a grave, thick-set, long-bearded old citizen, half admiral, half landsman, wearing linked mail under his civie robes ; a sapient old warrior magistrate, carrying wisdom in his owl-like countenance, and terror to the evil-minded in his eye.

Let the reader only fancy the stately mayor of a girded, ramparted town, perambulating and patrolling amongst its narrow streets, and multitudinous lanes and closes, visiting the guards and gate-houses, haranguing the watch, “comprehending vagrom men,” and looking after swashbucklers, and scolding wives. Let him remember how the powers of the magistracy were at that day extended ; how he could halt his halberdiers beneath the eves and penthouses of a quaint old street, and apprehending some varlet in the fact of petty larceny or

delinquency, slit off his ears, and have them nailed to the nearest cart-wheel at hand,\* or how, guided by the 'larum of some good wife's tongue, he could force an entrance into her dwelling-house, and seat her on the fucking stool, till she consented to grant her husband peace in his domicile; how he could administer a sound whipping to one fellow, set another in the stocks, and even mount a delinquent astride upon a steed, and parade him through the town, with horns fastened to his head, and a lighted torch in his hand.

The privileges of the five ports were in those warlike times extremely advantageous to the inhabitants,† albeit the services they were bound to perform, however honourable, were both troublesome and expensive. It was therefore thought proper to extend the same patronage to two other sea-port towns, as a sort of "limbs o' the plot," so that nearly the whole of the sea-coast from the north side of Thanet to Hastings came within their jurisdiction.

\* Such were common punishments for light offences.

† The records of the Cinque Ports were, in former times, deposited in a room assigned for that purpose in Dover Keep. They are now, alas! nearly all lost or destroyed. Some few books, however, containing the entries of the proceedings of the brotherhoods and guestlings were (a few years back) still in existence. They were kept in an old chest at Romney. The oldest then remaining was marked "A." It began in the reign of Henry VI. and ended in that of Elizabeth.

Having now glanced at the Cinque Ports generally, and touched upon their origin and antiquity, we shall proceed to lead our readers into one of these peculiar towns, unfold its government, and all those enrolled penalties, which now, like unscoured armour hang by the wall;

“The nature of its people,  
The city’s institutions, and the terms  
For common justice.”

And therefore beg our readers to walk with us into a town which presents, even at the present day, a more perfect specimen of these singular ports, than any other place in England, namely, our old favourite Sandwich in Kent.

The traveller, on first entering this town by the drawbridge, which admits him from the Isle of Thanet, suddenly beholds himself entombed, as it were, in a sort of Kentish Herculaneum, a town of the dead. He gazes around, and sees a place apparently deserted. He finds himself removed from the present dull, cold, calculating, money-getting era, and as his pulse settles down to a healthy action, he adopts a quieter and sweeter style. He feels himself more able to “entertain the lag end of his life in peace and quiet hours,” in a locality where the turmoil, noise, and bustle of the “work-a-day world” of young England, seems

entirely shut out beyond the ramparts ; and as he continues to promenade through its street, he almost expects to see sitting beneath the eaves and porches of the antique dwellings, the “spinsters and the knitters in the sun,” chanting those simple songs which

“ Dallied with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.”

Nay, he looks about for the steeple-crowned hats, farthingales, and sparkling eyes of the merry wives of the town, and expects to run against doublet and trunk hose at every turn.

Sandwich, as a Cinque Port, ranks next to Hastings. It sends two representatives to Parliament, and has given the title of Earl to a branch of the Montague family, since the year 1660.

From all we have been able to collect upon the subject, in tracing this venerable place to its origin, turning up authorities that are grey with age, and hunting out popular opinions and traditions, we have reason to be quite satisfied with the remote antiquity of Sandwich. Eddius Stephanus treats of it in the year 664, and the town must have been founded between that period and the departure of the Roman Legions from Britain, which took place about the fifth century.

In the time of Edward the Confessor, we find

three hundred and seven houses within the walls of this town, and when the Norman Conqueror reigned, the dwellings had increased to three hundred and eighty-three. In Edward the Third's reign, Sandwich fitted out for the king's service, twenty-two ships, and five hundred and four sailors. In 1565, the port consisted of four hundred and twenty houses, two hundred and ninety-one inhabited by English families, one hundred and twenty-nine containing Walloons. Some seven personages are also specified, at that time, as desirous of settling in this curious Cinque Port, and wanting habitations wherein to ensconce themselves. *Three* of them were merchants, "our well-dealing countrymen," whose portly argosies doubtless were oftentimes tossing in the haven. *One* was a serivener, who, peradventure, wished to sound his quillets amongst the amphibious natives. *Two* were surgeons, and the seventh was a teacher of the "immortal passado," a master of fence.

The Mayor of Sandwich was chosen annually. The election was formerly made in the old Saxon Church of St. Clement's, and the penalty for non-acceptance of office, was somewhat quaint and strange. The posse waited upon him in form, surrounded his dwelling, and without further circumstance unroofed it, and pulled it about his ears. Sandwich boasts twelve jurats, annually sworn in to assist the mayor. The hogmace carried a stout staff with a

brass head ; he wore a coat of colours of the town, and was sworn to be loyal thereto. Then there was a custodier of the Druid's gate, a porter of the pillory gate, a supervisor of the gutters and sewers, and an overseer of the water delf. The beadle was also a "brief authority man," and his office clearly defined, he looked after "vagrom men," and drove hogs and rascallions from the streets.

Sandwich boasts, we think, more old buildings than almost any other town in England. It is rich in ancient hospitals, chantries, hermitages, and venerable churches, besides the remains of its embattled gate-houses, priories and other remnants.

There are also three parish churches in this town, named after their patron saints, St. Clement the Martyr, St. Peter the Apostle, and St. Mary the Virgin. Any one of these dark mouldering edifices, with its time-honoured towers and buttresses, will at once take the imagination of the gazer back to the old monkish times. While standing within the church-yard of St. Clement's, and gazing upon its old Saxon tower, and time-honoured appearance, we almost expect to behold one of the dark posterns in the wall open to admit a procession of monks from the Carmelite house near at hand, to hear the solemn chaunt, and listen to the words of the distracted Laertes, as they sing a requiem to the "peace parted soul of the fair Ophelia."

“ Lay her i’ the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A minist’ring angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling.”

On the south-west side, between the ramparts of the town and New-street, stood the Carmelite monastery, founded by William Lord Clinton, Lord of Folkstone and Goulstone. The friars were mendicants by profession, yet their buildings were large and stately, and the churches magnificent, besides being esteemed more sacred than others, for which reason many of the Cinque Port nobles, and persons of better condition, desired to be buried therein. The Carmelite chapel had also the privilege of sanctuary.

It appears that the port was made more strong or defensible by Edward the Third, who, on his return to England after his French wars, was especially struck with its pleasant situation.

The persecution for religion in Brabant and Flanders, sent large bodies of manufacturers to England. Amongst other places Sandwich greatly benefited thereby, the workers in baize, and flannel, fixing themselves there. A large company of gardeners also emigrated at this period, and established themselves at Sandwich, having discovered the nature of the soil to be extremely favourable to the growth of all esculent plants,—a great benefit

to the country eventually, for in the year 1509 there was not a salad in all England, and carrots cabbages, turnips, &c., were imported from the Netherlands.

Such has been the constant cycle of events in our island in former days, that we find its shores continually infested by ruthless armies of foreigners, who have in turn held sway and been ousted by new conquerors. Cities seem to have risen and disappeared, and all but their traditions vanished,\* whilst the same spot of earth hath witnessed the waxing and waning of successive births of human pride or industry. Sandwich, dull, melancholy-looking, and deserted as it now appears, has been the theatre of more stirring acts than perhaps any town or port of our island. Here embarked and disembarked, for many centuries, those splendid powers which carried defeat and slaughter to “the vasty fields of France.” Here, led on by our English kings, paraded the mail-clad hosts of those days, which the prince of poets has familiarized to us in his historical plays, and the streets resounded with the tramp of steeds, the clash of arms and armour, the bray of trumpets,

\* Stonar, a Norman town, which stood close to Sandwich, has long vanished from the face of the earth, leaving scarce a brick to trace it by. The city of Richborough was decayed whilst Stonar flourished; both are close to Sandwich, as is also Wodensborough, the spot where the Britons set up their god, Woden.

and the roll of brass drums. Let the reader but imagine the 'divinity that hedged a king' in those days—the pride and pomp of an expedition led on in person by a Harry or an Edward. Let him fancy the choicest drawn cavaliers, helmed "in the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt," together with the old English bowmen who won Cressy and Poictiers,\* all furnished, all in arms, and the silken sails of the gorgeous ships then riding in the haven. Let him, we say, but fancy the streets of this Cinque Port so choked up, and he will find that Sandwich has been, more, perhaps, than any other place in this island, the theatre wherein splendid scenes have been enacted.

We shall now record some of the events which have taken place in this curious place from the earliest periods. In the year 851, we shall find that Athelstane, a sort of governor or king of Kent, held his court at Sandwich, where he gave battle to the Danes on their invasion of the coast, and totally defeated them. Between that year, however, and 1013, the Danish forces again and again swooped upon the town, pillaging, and setting fire to it continually. Canute, in 1014, landed at Sandwich with the English hostages, in which town he cut off

\* Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, were mainly won by the bowmen of England.

the ears and noses of these unfortunate victims.\* In 1040, Hardicanute landed at Sandwich with his power, at which time he laid claim to, and obtained the crown of England. In 1164, Thomas à Becket, flying from Northampton, managed to procure a small boat at Sandwich, in which he passed over to Gravelines.

When Richard Cœur de Lion escaped from solitary imprisonment in Austria, the first ground his foot touched, on leaping from shipboard, was the shore of Sandwich haven ; and with all true duty, he proceeded on foot immediately to Canterbury, in order to return thanks to Heaven and St. Thomas for his safe arrival.

Looking from the walls of the town towards Deal and Walmer, the eye rests upon the foundation of a stronghold which tradition says was once the castle of Sandwich. It was in this fortress that the Bastard Faulconbridge, whom Shakespeare has for ever immortalized and enshrined in every true English heart, and whose fire, chivalrous bearing, and gallantry, nature's private secretary alone could have described, was brought to bay, and his gallant spirit quelled. With nine hundred followers, the Bastard threw himself into the castle, but, outnumbered and overpowered, he was forced to capitulate upon a

\* The cruelty Canute displayed on this occasion at Sandwich eventually lost him the crown.

promise of pardon. The promise, however, was not kept, as he was carried prisoner to Northampton, and there executed.

During the reign of King John, Sandwich must have presented a stirring scene, when “powers *from* home, and discontents *at* home,” shook the kingdom to its centre, and “vast confusion, post-haste and romage,” pervaded the land from end to end. Accordingly, I find that this Cinque Port was one continued scene of discord, hurry, and contention. The true and loyal Hubert de Burgh, who, when Kent had yielded, and London received the French, alone held Dover Castle, managed to fit out forty ships from the Cinque Ports, with which he encountered, sank, and destroyed eighty sail of the enemy. The Dauphin, however, landed at Sandwich with his power, and set fire to the town.

The navy of the Cinque Ports must have been, as early as the year 1293, both formidable and efficient, since it is recorded that between that year and 1295 they carried terror and consternation to the French coast, destroying their fleets, and slaying so many of the enemy that France was for a long time afterwards entirely destitute of shipping.

In the year 1342, the streets of Sandwich again glittered with arms and resounded with the beat of drum, for, in this year, Edward III. arrived with all his chivalry, and embarked for France, in order to seize upon the Duchy of Bretagne. In 1345,

Edward again, together with his Queen Philippa, embarked at this port, in order to obtain the earldom of Flanders for Prince Edward, through the intrigues of the Brewer of Ghent; and in 1357, after the battle of Poictiers, the Prince of Wales landed at Sandwich, bringing as prisoners the King of France and his son Philip. In 1372, three thousand lances, and ten thousand archers, were summoned to Sandwich, preparatory to embarkation, in order to "save Thouars and the rest of Poictou."

In 1385, the French constructed a rampart of wood, which (on their invasion of the coast) they intended should protect them from the terrific showers of the Kentish bowmen. This wall was twenty feet high, and three thousand paces long; and at intervals of twelve feet there was a strong tower, capable of holding ten men. Each tower was ten feet higher than the wall; and the whole expedition was embarked on board large vessels, with machines for hurling stones, guns, and ammunition for a siege, together with the artist who invented the fortification. According to Holinshed, the rampart was assailed on its voyage, and actually captured and brought to Sandwich, where, being set up on the shore, it was made use of against the very force who had invented it.

In 1416, Henry V., whilst he was stayed by contrary winds from embarking for Calais, lodged at

the house of the Carmelites in Sandwich. In 1435, the French assailed the town unexpectedly, and plundered it. And again, in 1456, they fell upon it, sword in hand, and committed considerable spoil and destruction. The following year, also, the Marshal de Breze disembarked four thousand heavily-armed troops near the town, and, fighting a desperate battle, got possession, and, after plundering and endeavouring to fire it, hastily re-embarked his men-at-arms, and re-crossed to France.

In 1459, the Earls of March, Salisbury, and Warwick, landed at Sandwich. In 1469, the King spent Whitsun-eve in Sandwich, when he issued the following order:—"All women, whose husbands or lovers are abroad in the service of Clarence and Warwick are to be forthwith dismissed the town."

In 1475, we find in the records that the *Kynge of England* embarked at Sandwich, with the finest army that had ever passed from Britain, and landed at Calais.

In 1648, we find the murder of Charles the First thus recorded:—"This yeare was the bloodiest that ever came to poor England, for Cromwell, and many more of those cursed limbs of the devil, and firebrands of hell, consulted together, and on the 30th January most wickedly and traitorously murdered our gracious king; so that we may cry and say, 'The breath of our nostrils, the Lord's anointed,

was taken in their pit.’’ In 1648, the mayor received orders to apprehend the Duke of York; who, says the order, ‘‘will probably attempt to escape in woman’s apparel.’’ In 1659, the King came to Sandwich, together with the Duke of York, the chivalrous Rupert, and the Earl of Sandwich. On this occasion his Majesty, without dismounting, drank a loving cup of wine at the door of the Bell Inn, to the health of the mayor.

The Cinque Ports had their own peculiar and particular modes and methods of punishment, as we find it on record that there was a certain stream which ran beside one of the gate-houses of this town, and which was used for the purpose of drowning criminals.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND—A MILITARY  
REMINISCENCE.

‘‘In the winter of that year in which William the Fourth came to the throne,’’ said Major Marvel, ‘‘one night, as he sipped his whiskey-toddy in the castle of Braemar, I obtained my lieutenancy. I found myself gazetted one fine morning, and elevated from the rank of ancient, or ensign, in the 101st, to that of lieutenant in the 151st, and left Scotland

to join my new corps, lying then, at pleasure, in the fertile county of Warwickshire.

“The midland counties at that period were in considerable commotion. The lean and unwashed—the artificers of the manufacturing towns being in a state of strike; so that the 151st was cut up into companies, sections, and subdivisions, and scouried to death almost with infinite motion,—ordered off, through by-ways and foul roads, to this village in the morning, countermarched back again to another in the evening, resting upon their arms to-night, and beat up in their shirts the next,—a state, Sir, of neither peace nor war, but something between both, one of the most unhappy mediums the trade is heir to.

“Whilst thus, like the gallant Major Sturgeon’s trainbands, marching and countermarching from Acton to Ealing, and from Ealing to Brentford, we were joined by an officer who was brought into the 151st from a West India corps, and appointed to the company I myself was attached to. His name was Captain Forceble Ferox, and he was altogether one of the most eccentric soldiers it ever was my fortune to fall in with.

“In person he was as odd-looking, as in behaviour he was singular; six-feet four in height; his dimensions in any thick sight (as Falstaff has it) were invisible. He had a face like a hawk, and one restless eye, that did the work of half a dozen, and seemed

capable of piercing into the brain of every person he darted it upon. In temper he was irascible, and even the most trivial order was delivered in a tone so imperious, when on duty, that it seemed more like a reiterated rebuke for what had been oftentimes before neglected to be executed, than that which he then found it necessary to direct; whilst even in common conversation any difference of opinion, or opposition to his wishes, would almost make him frantic.

“Captain Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, describes himself to have taken offence (whilst serving in Walter Butler’s Irish regiment,) and even fastened a quarrel upon Major O’Quilligan, in consequence of that officer’s delivering his orders on parade with the point of his batoon advanced and held aloof, instead of declining and trailing the ‘same, as was the general fashion from a courteous commanding officer towards his equal in rank, although it might be his inferior in military grade. Heaven help the worthy disciple of the invincible Lion of the North! Had he served in my time, in the 151st, and been subaltern in No. 6 company the chances are he would have been fain either to fight after every drill-parade, or abandon the service altogether.

“In fact, Captain Ferox, although he somehow always contrived to keep on the windy side of a regular quarrel, was universally disliked by the

whole regiment,—officers and non-commissioned officers, men, women, and children,—every soul disliked him, ‘pioneers and all,’ not even excepting the division of the band and drums.

“As Captain Ferox was by no means a young man, being on the wrong side of fifty, nor a handsome man, being, as I said, ‘rather of the hawk’s bill kind,’ grey, and Jewish-looking, with hair nearly white, and tremendous iron-grey whiskers, stooping, and halting in his gait too, and so thin withal, that, although a man of tremendous personal strength, his great height gave him a most forlorn and thread-paperish appearance. As, I say, he cut such a figure on parade, we none of us felt very curious in the matter, when he volunteered the information, one morning after breakfast, that he had been married some time, and expected, now the regiment was (for the time being) settled and stationary, that his wife would join him from Devonshire, where he had deposited her on his appointment to the 151st.

“All that we felt upon the subject, I remember, was the rather pleasurable expectation that, such being the case, we should most likely have less of his dictatorship at mess. Judge, then, of our surprise, on his wife’s arrival, when we beheld, in place of a vulgar barrack dowdy, who had, like himself, grown grey in the service, and felt the fierce extremes of heat and cold in the north, east, west, and south,—

in fact, wherever the unwearied and indefatigable British infantry are sent to,—judge of our surprise when we beheld, in place of such a wife, (the common accompaniment of your ‘old soldier,’) a beautiful little creature, not more than a quarter of a century old, extremely lady-like in manner, and one who had evidently been used to mingle among the gentelest society ‘of this fair island.’

“How Captain Ferox had managed to achieve this fair creature, was matter of wonder amongst us every day, for at least a week after her arrival.

“Captain Ferox, indeed, rather gained caste upon his wife’s arrival. Perhaps those of the officers who were conversant with Shakespeare, might have remembered the complimentary recommendation consequent upon Imogen’s preferment of Leonatus Posthumous,

“‘ By her election may be truly seen  
What kind of man he is.’

In this case, however, the lady’s judgment had been evidently warped, and the feeling towards Captain Ferox, from the circumstance of his being the possessor of so great a prize as a really amiable and handsome wife, quickly vanished, when it was discovered that he treated her with the same harsh and overbearing manner that he used towards the rest of the world, and apparently, by constantly worrying

about ‘trifles light as air,’ poisoned all her delight, and rendered her miserable. It was a singular thing too, that he evidently doted upon his better half all the time his extraordinary violence was terrifying her to death. He was the only living specimen I ever saw of a man acting the part in real life of Sir Bashful Constant. A man devotedly attached to his own wife, endearingly hectoring her before strangers in order to make them believe he cared little about her. The greater marvel, however, was, that the fair lady was actually attached to this ‘Hyrcanian bear,’ bore all his fury with meekness, and calmed his ire as the harp of Annot Lyle quieted the perturbed spirit of Allan Mac-Aulay, soothing his wrath, ‘like a sunbeam on a sullen sea.’

“ I remember a fancy ball being given by the inhabitants of the town we were then quartered in, and during the discussion on the subject of what costume Mrs. Ferox should adopt on the occasion, I thought once or twice she would have fallen a sacrifice to his fury. At length, Lieutenant O’Brien Boro’, who was present with Mrs. Boro’ in consultation, suggested, ‘ By the powers, they had better go as Bluebeard and Fatima;’ and Captain Ferox adopted the suggestion on the instant, mainly because he saw his wife blush the moment it was proposed.

“ Mrs. Ferox, therefore, *nolens volens*, was fain to

enrobe herself in loose spangled inexpressibles for the nonce; and I question if a prettier Fatima ever graced the harem of the Grand Seigneur himself. As for the representative of the Bearded tyrant, he acted his character to the full, and, with his long whiskers, hook nose, Eastern head-dress, and lank figure, looked the very personation of a 'three-tailed bashaw.'

"Some 'trifle, light as air,' had unfortunately made Ferox more than usually jealous of his Fatima a few days before this unlucky ball; and it so happened that the suspected lover (an officer of the same corps) had been innocently asked by her to take a seat in the fly which was to convey them to the assembly rooms. I made up the quartet, and in full costume we set forth for 'the gay and festive scene.'

Ferox was cloudy in spirit even from our first start, and fell out with his wife ere we had well cleared the barrack-gates. I will not say she was altogether blameless on this night, as she rather coqueted, and seemed inclined to flirt with the very handsome youth, who seemed to commiserate her situation, and pay her those little attentions, which, offered towards a single lady, might have been construed into serious intentions, but conferred upon a married dame, would be sure to make a jealous-pated spouse unhappy.

"Accordingly, Bluebeard and Fatima had a re-

contre, as I said, ere we alighted from the fly. The worm, they say, will turn ; and she was irritated, and answered him sharply. He seized, in his fury, upon the costly necklace she wore around her throat, and the fragile ornament being demolished, the bottom of the fly was enriched with seed-pearl, and jewels of price. This begot some high words between himself and Lieutenant Valentine Face, which it took me no little diplomacy to prevent growing into a duel. However, the halls of dazzling light were gained without any important mishap. Fatima danced too much with Selim, and Bluebeard stalked about, watching all that was going on, but taking no part in the happiness he saw around him.

“ Two or three times he endeavoured to persuade Fatima to retire ; but she begged hard for another dance, and managed to waltz herself out of his influence. At length, in high dudgeon, after observing her and her partner seated in the refreshment-room, he girded up his loins, left the ball, returned to the barracks, and retired to bed.

“ Mrs. Ferox was a good deal annoyed when she found her lord and master had retired without her, and being impatient to follow, Lieutenant Valentine Face (who had happened to dance the last quadrille with her), volunteered his services to escort her home.

“ From this time there was evidently an alteration in the captain’s manner towards his lady. He no

longer paid her the compliment of bullying, and getting enraged at her little attentions towards himself, as of yore ; but he treated her with a settled and studiously-assumed neglect, secretly watching her like a serpent, but seldom troubling himself openly to notice her. Sometimes he mounted guard over her for whole days, reading sulkily in his room ; at other times they took long country-walks, he stalking first, and she tripping after, duck and drake fashion.

“ As I was his lieutenant, I saw more of these little peculiarities than the other officers of the corps. He had a way of his own in almost everything he did, something out of the general routine ; consequently, the men of his company were, like himself, usually in a state of grumble and discontent. He was a tormentor, too, about trifles, loved extra-drill and dress-parades ; and would hector, bully, and domineer over the company upon their private parade, till each individual felt ready to bayonet him as he stood.

“ In fact, Captain Ferox was unfit for command (even of a company), and he got a hint to that effect from the colonel, who quietly suggested to him the propriety of selling out, or he might be necessitated to report some of his eccentricities to head-quarters.

“ This alternative, however, was spared by the commission of a cruel act. I have said that jealousy had sprung up, and poisoned his good feel-

ing towards his pretty wife, from the time of her accompanying him to the *bal costumé*; in fact, he had never been quite himself since that business. Whether or not he saw, or fancied he saw, that his suspicions were well-founded, I cannot take upon me to say; indeed, I should rather think ‘the green-eyed monster,’ (in this instance,) made the food it fed on; for, although to appearance he had ‘blown all his love’ for his wife to heaven, she, Desdemona like, evidently continued to dote upon her morose bargain the same as before.

“At length, one night, just about ‘the witching hour,’ the barrack was frightened from its propriety by piercing screams, which rung through the building in rapid succession, accompanied by cries of murder. They evidently proceeded from a female, and came from that part of the barracks occupied by Captain Ferox.

“Lieutenant Face and Ensign Sash had been perpetrating a little chicken-hazard that night, and were just settling their accounts, when they were alarmed by a ‘dire yell’ in the apartments on the ground-floor. Presently another shriek struck their ears, then three or four smashing blows, and a heavy fall.

“They threw open the door, dashed down the stairs, and, guided by the outeries, rushed upon Captain Ferox’s barrack-room door, and attempted to burst it open. It, however, resisted their efforts,

the furniture of the room being piled against it on the inside. Meanwhile the cries had subsided, and a low moaning was now heard. Again they renewed their efforts without success.

“‘Who disturbs the privacy of my room?’ called out Ferox, in a hoarse voice; ‘begone, lest I fire through the door!’

“‘Call the guard to break in,’ said Face. ‘I fear me something dreadful will happen else.’

“Again they heard the sounds of heavy blows, and a deep groan. Whilst Sash ran for the guard, Lieutenant Face, recollecting that the window of Captain Ferox’s bed-room looked to the rear, darted along the passage, opened the back-door, and rushed out. A sentinel, in his grey great-coat, and supported musket, stood upon his post not a dozen yards from the window Face was in search of.

“‘How now?’ said the officer. ‘What’s the matter here? Have you heard cries from these apartments?’

“‘It’s the Captain ill-using his wife, Sir.’

“‘Why have you not tried to assist her, or summoned assistance?’

“‘I can’t leave my post, Sir,’ said the soldier, ‘but I’ve called to the next sentry to pass the word round to the guard-house.’

“‘Twill be too late,’ said Face, seizing the fire-lock from the man’s hand, and with half-a-dozen blows breaking window frame and glass to shivers.

“‘Here comes the guard?’ said the sentinel, as the heavy tramp of a party of men was just at that moment heard rapidly approaching.

“Face, however, sprang through the opening he had made, gained the room, and received the contents of a pistol full in his face as he did so. Luckily, although for the moment blinded by the discharge, the ball had only knocked out two of his side-teeth, and passed out through his cheek. Recovering himself, he dealt Ferox a heavy blow with the butt of the firelock he still held in his hand, felled him, and made for the inner apartment.

“The guard, with Ensign Sash at their head, next minute burst into the room, as Face, with cheeks gory, and looks of horror, rushing back from the room he had entered, bade them seize Ferox for the murder of his wife.

“‘Twas too true; he had surprised her, apparently, in her sleep, ‘her innocent sleep,’ ‘in her secure hour.’ He who should have been to her guard, and ‘against her murderer shut the door,’ had ‘borne the knife himself.’

“She had evidently struggled hard to avert his dreadful purpose; more than once seized upon the weapon in his hand, and even escaped wounded from the bed, where he had first assailed her, and reached the sitting-room; but the powerful ruffian had quickly followed, and effectually committed the

deed. With savage fury he had cut her almost to pieces with his regulation sword.

“ ‘Twas a cruel case, and made no small sensation at the time. For my part I most devoutly hoped Ferox would swing. He, however, got off, in consequence of his eccentricity. The jury considered him a monomaniac.”

AN EXPOSITION OF THE CRUELTIES PRACTISED  
UPON THE CAB AND OMNIBUS HORSES OF  
LONDON.

BEING A CHAPTER THAT ALL WHO RIDE SHOULD READ.

Philanthropy is all very well, but a little common humanity would be no bad ingredient to mix up with it. Love for our own species is commendable; but a careful examination of the cruelties so extensively practised in the great metropolis towards the animal world, is sufficient to grieve persons really possessing humanity. The subject matter of the following observations may not exactly jump with the humour of *all* who ride in the vehicles called cabs and omnibuses; nevertheless, some account of the atrocities frequently practised upon that useful, willing, and serviceable animal the horse, may not be considered offensive. On the event of the opening

of the Industrial Exhibition for all Nations, we were informed by a great authority, that we were living at a period of most wonderful transition, leading rapidly to accomplish that great end to which all history points!—the realization of the unity of mankind, “the benefit of the whole race.” Such may be the fact; although some events have lately transpired, which we think go far to upset the universal peace prophecies so set forth. At all events before mankind arrive at this blessed goal, we think that some attention bestowed upon the poor animals which so well serve us, and through whose efforts our daily comforts are multiplied, would not be altogether mis-applied.

The English, it is somewhere observed, are considered the most humane nation in the world. Their country is called the Land of Liberty, and they boast of it as the refuge of all who are outcast and unfortunate. If this be true, it is more painful to observe that, although we profess the most extended philanthropy for the whole human race, we seem to have no jot of pity for those animals which the Creator has placed in our power, and permitted that the lives of such animals shall be passed in a state of abject servitude for our benefit.

Should our readers question this assertion, we entreat them to observe the usage those generous creatures, the horse, the ass, and the sheep, frequently receive at the hands of their task-masters; but more

especially we would ask the reader to consider the cruelties so frequently practised by the cab and omnibus conductors of this metropolis, towards the animals through whose efforts they obtain their daily bread.

In the whole circle of the habitable globe there does not, perhaps, exist a more inconsiderate set of beings than the majority\* of men who labour in their vocation as cab and omnibus drivers in London.

To prove this, the reader has merely to observe these vehicles plying in the streets and thoroughfares of the metropolis, and witness the treatment the horses that draw them frequently receive; and in almost every instance the observer will find little else used towards these animals—so willing, sensible, and obedient—but harsh language and hard blows.

The horse and the dog are, perhaps, the most sensible and sensitive of the animals of the brute creation: their docility, and the readiness with which they comprehend the wishes of man is scarcely estimated, except by those who by careful study have made acquaintance with them. Nay, a hard word is as instantly and keenly felt by a horse

\* There are to be found exceptions, but they are very scarce. I have met, for instance, with men who have driven their own horses, and who have told me that they have had cause often to deplore the cruelties they have seen daily practised.

as by a human being. The willing brute will attempt to improve an effort the instant he is spoken to; but to lash him mercilessly, whilst exerting himself even beyond his powers, is the daily and hourly employment of the cab and omnibus driver. Should the animal last any time, let us consider the dreadful punishment he is subjected to! He is whipped from day to day, and from year to year; not, indeed, unfrequently whipped to death! The driver of a cab whose arm is doubly powerful from constant exercise in his vocation, can whip his horse with a degree of skill quite edifying to witness; cutting him, at swift pace, through the difficulties and dangers, the speed at which he drives continually brings him into. There is, indeed, no man more skilful in cutting an overworked horse through a crowded street, than your London cab or omnibus-driver. He can make a horse go swiftly that is only fit, from constant ill-usage, for the slaughterman's knife.

A short time back, until the police looked a little more to the matter, there was no limit to the brutality of these drivers. I have heard a fellow execrate his horse as, from over-work, it was sinking down between the shafts. I have seen another beat a horse when it fell, and this at night, other cabmen looking out to see that no policeman was at hand to interfere. I have seen, on the other hand, a fine-spirited creature beaten unmercifully,

whilst on the stand, because, being new to the work, it showed some spirit. Under every circumstance of failure, or success even, the poor straining cab and omnibus-horse is corrected with violence. If he slips upon the pavement, he is as severely whipped as if a slip was a blunder, or a trip. Should he bound on, stimulated by the lash, you will then see the driver as violently check him with a sudden and strong jerk, which operates on the animal's jaws like the fulerum of a tooth-drawer's instrument. The system is, indeed, all torture. The jerk upon the mouth is the accompaniment to the cut upon the flank ; the stinging lash at one extremity of the straining brute being aggravated by the unnecessary jerk upon the other, and so on through the day's work.

Again we say, if our readers doubt the truth of these remarks, or consider them over-drawn—and there are hundreds of people who, because their convenience and comforts are greatly augmented by the accommodation afforded by cabs and omnibuses, consequently turn a blind eye and deaf ear to the cruelties we have mentioned—if any persons doubt what we have stated, let them watch these drivers in the streets of the metropolis ; they will then observe that the cab-driver delights in cutting his horse in the flank—the tenderest part except the eye,\* a part

\* On examination, the eyes of many horses on a stand will be found injured, sightless. This arises from the practice of cabmen, especially the drivers of Hansom's cabs, who may

of the animal on which it cannot endure whipping, (whilst the spirit of a horse is unsubdued) without kicking out violently.

One morning early, I remember observing a cab-horse being cleaned outside its stable ; the poor brute was, as usual, under treatment of its persecutor, and whenever the man attempted to rub the dry dirt from its flanks, seemed in agony ; jaded and worn as he was, he lashed out and hung back, and as often as the cleaner tied him up again, and renewed the attempt, as often did a fresh battle between the persecutor and the persecuted take place ; the former, as he became more enraged, frequently stepping back and violently kicking the animal in the stomach, and then belabouring it with the butt-end of a pitchfork.

When the affair was over, I had the curiosity to look at the animal's flanks, and found that constant and daily whipping had caused sores and ulceration ; and this the driver well knew, and knew also that the animal he had rendered really unfit for work by cruel treatment, must endure a dreadful day of torture at his hands on that and every subsequent day till it died.

And now I must crave pardon if I presume to say that, in some sort, the hirer of a cab is oft-times, from thoughtlessness perhaps, the exciting cause of be observed to delight in lashing the animal over the head ; *one* good lash will frequently cut through the cornea, and after great suffering, the sight is lost.

some of the cruelties here described. A lively youth, for instance, full of health and spirit as he emerges from his club, and calls a cab, not unfrequently says to the driver, "Now, old chap, go a-head! I'm behind time, and if you cut into him, I'll give you an extra fare for your pains." This order is seldom unattended to; there is extra gin in the hint, and the heavy thong is plied with double energy. Then let the spectator observe that horse after the fare is discharged; let him see the distress exhibited in the dilated nostril, over-acting heart, and steaming carcass. Nay, whilst watching the horse, as it pants upon the stand, in waiting for another fare to purchase it another punishment, the observer may go a step farther, and imagine the thoughts of the animal, and if Nature has indeed given the intelligent creature the faculty of reasoning, they must run somewhat thus: "Why am I selected from all other animals of the world to suffer daily and hourly this amount of torture? What have I done more than other brutes in the service of mankind, that I should be turned over to an executioner, and lashed shamelessly even whilst tasked beyond my powers? My fault is nothing, for I hourly strain every nerve and sinew to drag an overweight through the difficulties of a crowded thoroughfare, lending my understanding and bodily powers to the task, whilst unnecessary blows are inflicted upon the tenderest parts of my body, and which, in their infliction, absolutely incapacitate me from doing

what I would otherwise effect. Has the man, who through my means obtains his daily support, neither sense, feelings, or the slightest touch of goodness in his disposition? Has he no grain of reflection? Can he not see, that the unnecessary amount of punishment he puts me through absolutely wears me down, so that I require additional labour on his part to whip me along? or is he indeed a being with intellect below his fellow-creatures, inferior even to myself in the scale of animals, who never speaks but to curse, or touches me but to punish? Why am I thus uncared for, and whipped from street to street, whilst doing my best in the service of mankind! And are all men thus cruel and remorseless? Does no one see me daily receiving ill-usage as the reward of my services? Must I inevitably die under the lash!—is there no hope—no escape?"

Alas, none! the whip will eat up thy blood. Each day's infliction will bring thy system lower: thy very joints must fail, unless a fractured bone brings the knife to thy body ere nature is quite worn out in thee.

Again, we suspect, that in pleading the cause of the metropolitan cab and omnibus horse, we shall be accused of a sort of overstrained humanity; but for that we care not, being neither sickly sentimental, nor Peace Society humanity-monger, seeking a theme of humbug in a nigger's cabin; nay, we can whip a horse well in harness should it display, either in temper or action, a want of the thong; but the

cruelties of cab and omnibus drivers, has induced us to endeavour to draw attention to the subject ; for no creature, however savage, could possibly deserve the terrible punishment the cab and omnibus horse daily receives, as the reward of his freely-given services—a punishment so severe that, except from the circumstance of its being by custom familiarized to the public, they could not endure the sight of such cruelty. To prove this, let us view it in another shape ; let us bring from its stable one of these worn-out cab-horses, with fore-legs bowed from constant work, eye-balls sightless (for it has been worked if not whipped blind,) the mouth elongated from mis-usage of the bit, the constitution completely broken, and the countenance dejected from constant rebuke ; let us tie this worn skeleton to a post in the highway, and putting a whip into the hands of a cabman, tell him to lay it on after his usual fashion, giving the animal the same amount of lashes it has received any day previously, whilst working in a cab or omnibus. Now, how many lashes, we ask, would this man be allowed to inflict, ere the passers-by cried shame and interfered, nay, perhaps their feelings would prompt them to thrash the thrasher, and liberate the victim ?

But independent of these cruelties, when we see such cabs, especially the Hansom's, dashing through the streets, skimming the corners\*, the

\* Some time back, a gentleman was killed by a cabman,

drivers grinning with insolent delight as they drive back the foot-passengers in terror, we are induced to ask why the liberty of the subject is thus invaded in one sense and exceeded in another? Who are these men that humanity is made to shudder at them and the safety of the pedestrian perilled?

There is no question about the accommodation afforded to the public by cabs and omnibuses—an accommodation so great that we could not possibly get on without it, and our readers will therefore hardly be pleased with our remarks. But to them we say, that the barbarities we have described are absolutely detrimental to that accommodation. A steady and even swift pace is better maintained through a long day's work, by a moderate use of the lash, than by its mis-usage. "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first;" and if the cab-driver began his day's career with less rage and fury, instead of over-driving his horse the first fare he gets, the brute would be more able for a longer

who, turning at a swift pace round a corner, ran the shaft of his cab into his groin, inflicting a ghastly wound. On that occasion, the "Times" remarked, that the only annoyance the cab-driver seemed to feel was on account of the damage his shaft had sustained! Nay, every hour of the day passengers experience narrow escapes in consequence of these fellows catching them unawares at the corners of streets. On these occasions the drivers always exult at the alarm they occasion.

day's work. But the horse is generally overdone ere ten miles are whipped out of him, and the rest of his work is all labour and strain, a regular battle against weariness, pain, and incapacity.

Far be it from us to place a human being upon a par with a brute-beast, or to suppose that a christian man could by possibility be subjected to what a horse is put to endure, even for five minutes; nevertheless, if we might suggest a slight trial, in order to convince a cab-driver how greatly he acts against sense and humanity, and at the same time prove our ease to him feelingly, we would merely ask any cab or omnibus-driver, given to mis-usage of the whip, to place himself in charge of a common truck, and drag it up Holborn Hill; then, whilst he labours at the dead pull, let him imagine for a moment the effect upon himself of the practice he is so partial to; let him imagine a series of strong jerks, fretting his jaws, and a continued compliment of heavy lashes over his bare loins and eyes. He will then, perhaps, be able to appreciate the effects of his own system, and how at last it whips the spirit of a horse quite out of the animal.

There is little doubt, as before said, that in some instances the drivers may be exonerated from blame, and that a portion of the cruelties practised are the result of inconsiderate conduct in those who hire their services and even reward their brutality.

Indeed, from many conversations I have had with

drivers on the subject, and wherever the gross incivility of the man has not urged him to resent all question between himself and victim, I have invariably found the blame laid as much on others as himself. I could recount many dialogues I have had on the subject; the accompanying will perhaps suffice.

“What the blazes would you have us do?” said a cabman one day, on my observing the distressed state of his horse, and that, although he whipped it frightfully, he could hardly get it along. “This here horse arn’t got no go in him. Some chaps hired me to take ‘em to Mitcham yesterday, and made me gallop almost all the way there and back. His wery heart’s whipped out on him. There was five on ‘em, and they had drink at every public-house almost along the road. They all took a turn at driving, and regularly gruelled the horse; and now I must whip his heart out to make him go at all.”

On another occasion, one rainy night, I got into a cab, hoping to get quickly to my destination, but after a slow progress through half-a-dozen streets, the vehicle came to a dead stop, and the driver told me, with an oath, that his horse was done. Accordingly, on alighting, I found the animal had sunk down, and was dying. The sight was a sad one. The lumbering cab looked a huge instrument of torture. There lay the horse, chained to it in death; and, as the fellow was about to try and whip him

up, I seized his whip. The weight of the instrument surprised me so much, that I was induced to examine it by the light of a gas-lamp. It was, I found, a sort of knout, the thong having large knobs of twisted leather at intervals. As I looked at the prostrate horse, I upbraided the driver for his cruelty. He excused himself by saying it was his *night whip*, an instrument he owned he dared not carry in daylight, but absolutely necessary to make use of against the horse in question.

“And is that *my* fault?” he urged. “Why, that ‘ere ‘oss has been ill a long time, but master would have money as long as I could whip it out on him; and if I had refused, there’s plenty as would have done the job. You don’t know what night work and night ‘osses is, I see, or you wouldn’t trouble yourself about such a paltry concern as this. Besides,” continued the fellow, “every gent as hires a cab, wants to go fast; and how can we please ‘em, unless we whiip our ‘osses? I once drove a ‘oss into the country, as diid coming home through Chelsea, and all to please a set of Sunday swells, best young men to some house in Regent Street.”

On another occasion, a cabman told me that unless he whipped his night horse cruelly, he sometimes could hardly get him off the stand. The poor devil, he affirmed, was unfit for anything but slaughter, for every part of it was worn out. Nay, many such, he said, were purchased for night work. “And is

that our faults?" he continued, "you should blame our masters, not us!"

If such indeed be the case, why is such a system allowed? Why exhibit Englishmen in the degrading light of executioners and torturers of this most useful animal? Foreigners are perfectly astonished at the cruelties we practise upon our horses. From what they have witnessed in the streets, they have been heard to designate us as the most thoughtless people on earth.

The very indulgence of brutality towards an unoffending horse would seem 'to grow by what it feeds on'; nay, if close questioned, men will own that they whip a horse for the mere gratification of using the lash. On remonstrating one day with a cabman, who was savagely lashing his horse on the stand, evidently having lashed himself by the exercise into a fit of rage,

"Why, d—n me," said he, "I only got this here beggarly shilling after driving a chap as hard as I could to the Paddington Station; and I hate a chap as gives a shilling after I've whipped my horse into ribbons to please him."

"Well," I replied, "but you must have flogged a good many shillings out of that horse in the course of the day."

"And if I have," he returned, "I suppose I've earned them. My arm's as stiff as if I'd been thrashing in a barn."

"And the horse," I said, "how must his carcase feel?"

"What's that to me," he returned. "Why, this werry horse I took down to Epsom races last Wednesday week, and the coves as I drove wanted to pass everything: I was obliged to whip as I never whipped afore to make him do it. It was a bad day's work, for the horse has never recovered it. But what's that to the busses," continued he, "see how they kills the horses; that *is* cruelty, if you like! For instance, just look at a great heavy buss, crammed inside and out with people as ought, some of 'em to be taking a healthful walk; observe that ere double row seated on the roof, and that other lot on the box! look at that consarn! why, five-and-twenty years back, sitch a sight would have caused the people to cry shame. But now we see hundreds of such busses all day long, driving over everything they can—whip—whip—whip; the horses straining one minute, their jaws almost broke to pull up for a passenger the next; their flanks steaming and quivering, their mouths a-bleeding, their bodies smarting, and their hearts a-straining to get over the ground. Now what do you call *that* but cruelty, eh? Are drivers to be blamed when all them people sits grinin' in them 'ere busses, and urges them to get on: *they* want to go swift, the drivers don't want to go slow, and down drops a

horse every now and then, whipped to death amongst 'em."

Of omnibus driving and its cruelties there is indeed, perhaps, more to be said than of the misusage of cab-horses. The infliction of the lash, and the weight to be drawn is greater. An omnibus proprietor, I have been told, coolly calculates that he will use up a certain amount of horse-flesh in a certain time. To this end the drivers must whip their horses till they have flogged all strength out of them, and then the knife ends the torture. Such men enrich themselves by the sufferings of the animals that serve them. Nay, they seldom give the slightest caution to their drivers to use the victims with forbearance, their cry is only for money. How delicate and (without doubt) tender-hearted females can sit smiling in such vehicles, whilst the lash is sounding in their ears, is a marvel: perhaps custom has made it a habit of easiness to them also to listen to it.

We have had self-styled philanthropists going about to cozen the world, without a particle of real humanity, crying out upon abuses, and lashing themselves into fury about absolute trifles; we have had humbugs, the most barefaced, ready to call meetings because red-handed pirates, who divert themselves by wholesale slaughter, drowning women, and ripping up little children, were sought for by

our brave seamen, and punished ; in fact, we have in England, specimens of the most fastidious humanity-mongers, and yet not one of such popularity-hunters would stir a foot to alleviate the miseries of a poor battered horse, or give a farthing to save it from the stripes, that bring it to the cats'-meat barrow. The fact is, the subject is not a popular one. Self-seeking philanthropists are aware that it is an ungrateful task to interfere with men's comforts.

“ Pooh, go a-head ! ” said a fat city-man, in reply to a remark upon the cruelty inflicted upon a bleeding horse, which fell dead near the Elephant and Castle, “ the horse be d—d ! Go a-head, and signal that other buss, I’ve an appointment at one o’clock, and will keep it if half the horses in London are killed.”

People now ride who twenty years ago *must* have walked ; but to walk is reckoned vulgar. The fat butcher’s wife, flounced and furbelowed as fine as Lady Belgravia’s lady’s-maid, and ten times as fine as Lady Belgravia herself, cannot walk a yard, even to take tea with the wife of the deputy costermonger round the corner ! All must ride, and yet the services of the horse are far from being taken into consideration.

But does not this inconsiderate and reckless disregard of animal life and suffering, pervade elsewhere to a lamentable degree in England ? We fear it does. Look for instance at the costermonger and his donkey, the barge-man and his horse, the

eadger and his dog, the coachman and his pair of high-bred carriage-horses, nay, even the soldier and his baggage-animal. To begin with the donkey, what animal more patient, more enduring, more gentle, more useful, and yet what animal more fearfully misused. Perhaps the most sensitive part of its body, so generally beaten into a mass of sores, is just where the ear joins the skull. Your costermonger knows as much, and smites the animal incessantly with a heavy bludgeon on that part, till it is driven almost frantic, and frequently dies of disease, caused by the repeated torture. The hawker, after riding upon an overloaded cart, drawn many miles along the high-road by his dog, on the animal sinking exhausted, has been known to beat it unmercifully with his heavy stick, and then in a fit of ungovernable rage, take out his knife and cut its throat. What man more brave and enduring on the march and in battle than the English soldier, but who more thoughtless and improvident? Give the conduct of a train of baggage-camels to a party of soldiers on their march in India, and they show little mercy or consideration, frequently goading the animals on with bayonets,\* leaving them unfed, uncared for in the bivouac at night, and then wondering that they fall

\* That most glorious and perfect soldier, General Sir Charles Napier, was so well aware of this fact, that he organised a baggage-corps, we believe, when in India.

dead in the road for the want of proper attention, patience, and care ; and this, too, though their own safety may be compromised in the loss of the provender such beasts carried. The drover invariably hocks the ox with his heavy club, and so lames him by repeated blows upon the tender joint, that it sinks ere it can reach the end of its journey. The bargeman's treatment of his horse is the very quint-essence of brutality. The butcher's slaughter-man takes the half-dead thirsting sheep, panting after travelling miles without water, and flings it into the cellar, which is the slaughter-house of his shop. Broken legs are of no consequence, he says, because the animal *must* be killed in a few hours. The dealer in calves brings them long distances to market, closely packed one upon another, with heads hanging down, and brains congested. Even the gentleman's coachman, (in most instances, quite unfit to have unchecked command of the whip) secretly flagellates and maltreats the most valuable horses merely for his own gratification. In fact, disregard of animal suffering prevails every where in England, is uncared for, suffered—almost excused—we might say ; and yet it should be every Christian's business to check it, because its indulgence is the first step to deeper crime ; because till these latter days, such atrocities were never suffered ; and also because in no other country is such relentless conduct even now pursued. Besides, it comes home

to us in many ways. Who, for instance, can tell how much of the misery of our troops in the Crimea has been caused by the reckless way in which the commissariat and baggage-animals have been neglected after over-work. The Frenchman will not allow his beast to be kicked into a ditch as soon as it has done its work. He looks after it, feeds it ; does at any rate all he can for it under the most adverse circumstances, and see the result :—The baggage-animals of the Frenchmen are fat, sleek, and serviceable. Our animals, on the contrary, like our men have been used up from mismanagement, neglect and ill-usage ; permitted to sink for want of common prudence, absolutely driven to death, unfed, uncared for.

Some time back, before the cab fraternity received the check they brought upon themselves by their strike, we remember hearing of a Hansom cab-driver, who used to run a muck occasionally, and killed several valuable horses. When half drunk, he was fond of *the pace*, and would whip his horse full cry to some suburban public-house ; there he would pull up, stop to drink, and then go again full gallop to another public. By and bye he would return, and still whipping like a maniac along the road, perhaps pick up a fare in the shape of a batch of tap-room drunkards, and give them a headlong ride ; that done, and more gin swallowed, he would, perhaps, get into his cab and sleep, and then drive

on again. All this time his horse had neither been stabled or even fed, as far as *he* knew ; when he got to his employer's stables, the thing spoke for itself, the horse was a mass of sores, reeling, smoking, almost dying whilst being unharnessed, and soon lying prostrate in the stable, unable to eat, and very soon after *dead*.

This man repeatedly discharged and re-hired by other cab proprietors, destroyed many horses in a similar way ; nor is this a solitary case ; for some little time before the alteration in the cab fares, and consequent order that the drivers should be looked a little after by the police, these cruel excursions were common along many outlets from the metropolis.

And is not such abuse of power, such remorseless cruelty towards the patient, useful, gentle creatures that so well serve us, a subject worthy of the notice of our rulers ? we think it is ! Small beginnings in animal cruelty, lead to terrible results : the urchin encouraged by his parent to goad, execrate, and batter the poor donkey, through whose painful exertions he lives and thrives, grown towards manhood, turns his strength against his teacher ; then follows step by step, the sure result, the Hogarthian stages of cruelty ! Wife-beating, cruelty to children, unchecked licence, revenge, 'murder most foul.'

" Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire !  
With it beat out his brains."

THE LADY GERALDINE.—A MILITARY  
REMINISCENCE.

“The Emerald Isle,” said Major Marvel, “as it is familiarly termed, always appeared to me to be a melancholy and half-deserted land. ‘A precious gem, set in the silver sea,’—it seemed to be an eternal battle-field, in which ‘the finest pisantry in the world’ loved to keep themselves well-breathed, in order to prepare for whatever might turn up in the way of foreign wars or home invasion. The Irish, indeed, are so fond of a fight, that the clatter of half-a-dozen shelaleghs at a fair is catching as the plague; and some few years back it has not unfrequently happened, that a trifling dispute about the price of a half-starved porker, has nearly caused a whole town to be sacked and burned.

“I met with more adventures, saw more curious scenes, and experienced more hospitality, during the time of my first being quartered in ould Ireland, than in all my life besides. At first, it was one continued round of marching and countermarching, feasting, dancing, and jollification; then came pestilence, discomifort, and all the ills the island is heir to.

“ Service in Ireland is intended as a sort of restorative to a regiment, after the sweating sickness endured in the sugar islands of the West, or the embroilment of twenty years in the hot East. Such service, however, is not so much relished by the gentlemen of the blade as a sojourn either in England or Scotland. Good stations in Ireland are few and far between; and a corps being generally obliged to furnish half-a-dozen different detachments, in the villages around the head-quarters, the duty becomes a case of continual banishment. Still there are adventures to be met with even in the most desolate outpost.

“ I remember being sent to a village on occasion of some disturbance, which having cost ten or a dozen individuals their lives, the military were called out. The night was dark as a wolf’s mouth, when, after a wearisome march, we found the village of Smashemotoole, in a state of seige. The police had, indeed, barreled themselves within their barrack, signal-fires were on the hills around, and many hundreds of infuriated Paddies were leaping, screaming, and fighting, like a tribe of Pawnee Indians.

“ Pat has, for the most part, a friendly feeling towards, and a wholesome dread of, the military. The police he hates with a deadly hatred, and carries murder in his right hand for their especial benefit. The village I had thus relieved, consisted of a sort of

square of hovels, with some five or six outlets, running in as many different directions towards the bogs, woods, mountains, and lakes around it. Beautifully situated in a wild and sylvan scene, it was the centre of a most delightful cluster of gentlemen's, and one or two noblemen's seats.

“After doing the needful, and driving Patrick, by the different outlets, to his favourite fastnesses around, I proceeded to post my sentries, bivouac my power in some convenient refuge, and, ensconcing myself in the little kitchen of a miserable cottage, thrust my feet before the turf fire, lighted a cigar, and made up my mind to an unquiet night.

“Ensign Altamont de Montmorenci was ‘mine ancient’ in the —th at this time. Our commissions might be said to have been ‘twin-born,’ since we both figured in the same gazette, his commission being dated but one day later than mine own. A miss, however, is as good as a mile, says the ancient proverb. I was the elder, if not the better soldier, and consequently, the detachment being a subaltern's party, I was its commandant.

“Ensign de Montmorenci was cut out for the service. Descended from a long line of martial ancestry, he was perfectly capable of ‘spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.’ Like the Master of Ravenswood, he had his cloak and sword, and high blood, and little else to recommend him. As de Montmorenci was a zealous soldier, being

never so happy as when he was either drilling the company, or volunteering for every officer's turn of duty besides his own, I generally left the management of matters to him. Pretty certain that the service would materially benefit by the exertions of an active officer, in place of an indolent one, I generally took mine ease in mine inn, whilst he carried out those measures necessary and proper for the matter in hand.

“Having, therefore, as I said, ensconced myself in the most eligible quarter I could find, after putting matters in somewhat better trim than I had found them in the village of Smashemotoole, I gave to Montmotenei the task of spending the watches of the night in patrolling the streets and suburbs ; and, thrusting my feet into a hen's nest, which was at the bottom of the bed I had thrown myself upon, jaded and fatigued with the toil of the day's march, I should soon have been in the arms of ‘nature's soft nurse,’ but for the myriads of fleas, which left the pigs and poultry, my fellow-lodgers, in order to make a meal of my body.

“In such a situation, whilst I dozed and listened to the occasional hubbub without, it was not to be supposed that I anticipated a visit from any of the gentlefolks resident around. I was, therefore, proportionably surprised when the door of the hut opened, and a tall and elegant-looking man, carrying a dark lantern in his hand, stood before me. A single

rush, which had been drawn through a sauer of grease, and which was held in an instrument resembling a pair of forceps upon a stand, the Irish cottager's usual substitute for a candle and candle-stick, gave so dubious a light, that at first I could hardly distinguish the features of my visitor. I therefore stared at him as though I beheld some shadowy ghost standing in the peat-reek of my hearth.

“‘The officer commanding the party just arrived, I presume,’ he said, addressing me, and throwing the focus of his lantern across my *lantern-jaws*.

“‘The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever,’ I returned, bowing; conceiving that I saw before me the noble proprietor of the park and domain adjaceent to the village I was in.

“‘My house is beset and beleaguered,’ continued the visitor. ‘I have half-a-dozen letters in my pocket, stating the hour at which it is to be assailed and burned. Say, can you aid me? I have with some little peril left Castle Carney, traversed the plantation, and admitted myself by the little postern in the park-wall, to this village. My people are in readiness for the assault; but, hearing of your arrival with a party from Clonberry Bog, I determined to visit you. In few, if you like to make Castle Carney the head-quarters of your detachment, we will make you welcome.’

“The offer was tempting; the Earl of Castle Carney seemed a most gentlemanlike man; but,

considering that my commission extended no further than to the village I was then in, I at first reluctantly declined accepting his proffered hospitality.

“ Nevertheless, as I glanced around the hut I was in, I reflected that, as I had pretty well picketed the dark streets of the village, saved more than one house from being burned, and turned the mob over to the tender mercies of my zealous subaltern, I might venture to return the visit of this new acquaintance. His affability charmed me; there was indeed corn, wine, and oil in his plenteous face. I was fasting from all but smoky whiskey, and boiled potatoes without butter; and, as I gazed upon his aristocratic features, savoury viands, rich sauces, and generous wines seemed to spread themselves before my sight on his ample board.

“ I had been before quartered in this village; but the Lord of Castle Carney at that time, was absent with his family abroad. I, however, knew the localities well, and after writing a few words of instruction to my friend de Montmorenci, I confided my billet to the care of my sergeant, and consented to accompany my visitor back to Castle Carney. We accordingly left the little cottage, traversed the kail-yard in its rear, passed through the small postern in the park wall, and threading the shrubberies and plantations, soon reached the mansion.

“ The stable clock ‘ sounded one’ as we crossed the dark avenue in front of the building, and the

rain having ceased, the heavy clouds rolling from beneath the moon, displayed the grey turrets and multitudinous windows of the noble edifice. Altogether it was quite a scene of romance ; a sentinel challenged as we approached, my conductor gave the word, and we entered the mansion.

“ Those who had been used to the peaceful and quiet style of a gentleman’s seat in merry England would have been somewhat surprised at the preparation displayed on this night in the house to which I was thus paying a visit. The ample hall, in which hung the trophies of the chase, together with swords, bucklers, and several suits of armour, was converted into a sort of guard-room ; a dozen stalwart men-at-arms, consisting of the household servants, being ready to man the different stations allotted to them should the assault take place ; and my host, ushering me into a library, introduced me to his son, a handsome youth, of about fifteen years of age, whose employment was as warlike as the scene I had already passed through. This youth stood before a large table, which was literally covered with fire-arms, from the double-barrelled Manton to the bell-mothed blunderbuss. His employment was to load and arrange these weapons, so as to be handed to the servants when required.

“ My introduction to, and the night I spent with that party, I shall indeed not in a hurry forget. The family of my host consisted of his wife, the son I

have before-named, and eight daughters—of whom were I to say they were beautiful angels, I might not only fail in rendering them justice, but should also use a trite and common simile. They were of the loveliest of the daughters of the British aristocracy, and ‘the might, the majesty of beauty’ can no further go, so that it appeared almost impossible to fall in love with any of them in particular, from the utter impossibility of giving preference to any particular one.

Glancing at my travel-worn harness ‘stained with the variation of each soil’ between the bogs of Clonberry and the seat I was visiting, I apologised upon finding myself in this assemblage, for the figure I necessarily cut. An officer on detachment is, however, always welcome in Ireland, and my arrival had in some sort dispersed the anxiety of the household.

“In short, there seemed to be little more thought of the threatened assault, than if we had been seated in his lordship’s withdrawing-room in Grosvenor Square. Music and conversation made the minutes fly; coffee and other refreshments followed: and, but that a report was ever and anon brought to the master of the house, I should not have suspected that the family either feared or expected danger from the rout who had threatened to bring fire and slaughter into their dwelling. That, indeed, which chiefly struck me, was the absence of alarm amongst

the females of the party, and yet the house as I before said, was prepared for defence. Feather beds and mattresses having been placed before the windows of the lower apartments, and the entire male part of the establishment engaged during the evening in making ready for the attack.

“‘ We are not at all timorous,’ said the Lady Geraldine, the youngest of the sisters, in answer to a question I put to her on this subject; ‘ we are native here, and to the manner born.’ Your English ladies, I have observed, whilst visiting us, are sometimes alarmed at the reputation our country has earned. But they soon find that more than half they have heard about the ferocity of our good-tempered, generous-hearted, misguided peasantry, is false.’

“She struck the strings of her harp as she said this, and warbled a verse of a favourite old ditty:—

“ He comes no more !  
With voice of power  
Still thrills my lute at evening hour  
Sweet as before.  
Ah me ! 'tis now the mournful token  
Of plighted faith for ever broken.  
He comes no more !  
No more !

“ If music be the food of love, thought I, play on. The Lady Geraldine had the voice of a seraph. ‘ It came o'er my ear like the sweet south.’ The stanzas,

however, seemed to call forth in the singer unpleasing remembrances. She stopped at the end of the verse, and leant her check upon her hand.

“ Could it be possible, that the love of one so exquisite has been unpropitious or unrequited.

“ ‘ May I,’ I said, as I arose, and took the music from the stand, ‘ may I inquire where you learned the air to which you have warbled these words?’

“ ‘ It was composed in this room,’ said the Lady Geraldine, with a sigh.

“ ‘ You will pardon me,’ said I; ‘ but an ensign of ours—one of the cleverest scamps that ever belted a broadsword to his waist—not *one*,’ but all mankind’s epitome’—I have always considered *was* the composer of that air.’

“ ‘ And his name?’ said the lady, looking as if the heat of the room had overcome her.

“ ‘ Altamont de Montmorenci.’

“ I saw immediately that, in return for the harmony the young lady had been favouring me with, I had touched a string in her heart that uttered fearful discord. Curse upon it! thought I to myself; my usual luck. I have somehow let down the pegs that made this music.

“ My noble host at this moment interrupted my reverie. He approached, touched my shoulder lightly, and we left the apartment together.

“ ‘ Are you quite wise,’ said he, ‘ in remaining with us so long?’

“ ‘Quite,’ I returned. ‘ When you play your part I’ll play mine: I have arranged everything with my friend and subaltern before I ventured on this visit. He is a very clever fellow, and, I believe, not altogether unknown to you. His name is Montmorenci—Altamont de Montmorenci, of ours.’

“ A dark shade seemed to pass over the Earl’s brow as I watched the expression of his countenance. The truth flashed across me—the favourite song of my friend,—the melancholy of the Lady Geraldine,—the angry look of the Earl ; all put together, told a tale, the chivalrous, the high born, the penniless ensign had been flirting with the Lady Geraldine.

“ As I pondered upon these matters, a yell like what might have been expected from a band of accursed Siouxes, burst upon our ears, and the next minute on came the rout of ruffians. The crashing sound of breaking glass immediately succeeded, and, throwing themselves at the doors and windows of the mansion, the Paddies made as much din with their bludgeons and shilelaghs as the Black Knight with his battle-axe at the sally-port of the Castle of Torquilstone.

“ The Earl took command of one part of the mansion, his son superintended in another, whilst I volunteered to act as General Commanding-in-Chief. I had persuaded the Earl not to proceed to extremities until we saw there was actual danger of the château being taken, and we accordingly re

served the fire of the garrison, only singling out one or two of the leaders for punishment.

“‘Piek me off,’ said I to the young lord, ‘that athletic fellow in the coat of frieze, blackened visage, and the haybands round the calves of his legs. Tickle him with a charge of buck-shot about the shins. One shot will be sufficient to summon my friend Altament, who will, most likely, bring us off without further ‘stroke or wound.’’

“Night’s candles were burnt out, and the dawn was just appearing as I looked forth. Many hundreds of the finest pisantry in the world were again rioting around his lordship’s mansion, and preparing for another effort. The shower of stones, under cover of which they advanced, again rattled against door and window. Still I restrained the fire of the garrison, feeling confident in the strength of the defence, and the relief I expected.

“All would have gone well, but that we had treachery within the walls. Well did the Earl say, that in Ireland no man could trust his household. One of the helpers in the stables was, like the Ishmaelites of Persia, a member of a secret society, a *Ribbon-man*. He admitted a party of the assailants by the back entrance, and we were on the eve of capture.

“We heard the rush of this party towards the great hall of the building. There was but one

entrance to it from the servant's offices. The Earl seized upon a two-handed sword from the wall, the weapon of one of his crusading ancestors, and, opposing himself to the opening, smote down the on-comers as fast as they endeavoured to rush in. His servants also performed their suit well and manfully ; whilst I, opposing myself to the assailants without the mansion, now gave the word to blaze away in real earnest.

“The females were now in reality alarmed. The din of the affray without doors had completely scared them ; the fight was too near to be pleasant, and several of them rushed into the hall amongst the combatants. At this moment, I heard the bugle of the —th.

“Then came the vollying sound from wing to wing,  
Along the blazing line.”

“As the smoke of our discharge from the front blew clear of the windows, I beheld my party debouching from the wood on the left of the building.

“They had taken the enemy in flank, came up at the double, and commenced a file fire, that was echoed in ten thousand replications from the woods and glades around. *Là voilà!* the thing was finished ; east, west, north, and south, fled the assailants, leaving the dead, the wounded, and the dying, to be cared for and nursed by the ladies of

the establishment. The next minute the hall of the building was filled with red coats, and its marble flooring resounded to the heavy butts of the fire-lock, as I gave the word to order arms, and stand at ease.

“ De Montmorenei soon after this got his lieutenancy in the cavalry, and it was long before I saw him again. On the occasion of her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, holding her first drawing-room, I went to return thanks for my majority. One lady of surpassing beauty, was the observed of all observers. She leant upon the arm of an officer of the Life-guards. He knew me again. It was my old friend and subaltern, Altamont de Montmorenci.

“ ‘I need hardly introducee you to my wife,’ he observed ; ‘you know her. The Lady Geraldine.’ ”

MONSIEUR ACHILLE JEAN FRANCOIS GIVES HIS  
OPINION OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH IN  
A LETTER TO JOHN BULL, ESQ., WRITTEN  
AFTER VISITING THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Monsieur Bull,

You have invited all the world to your Industrial Exhibition ; as one of your guests, I take the liberty to give my opinion of your nation, your manners, and customs, and all that may happen to come under observation during my visit. I come not so much to see your Crystal Palace as to look

yourselves in the face, to observe upon your doings, your dispositions, your abuses, your virtues, your vices, and all that pertains to your nation. If I find anything to praise, *eh bien*, so much the better, I shall praise it; if to censure, *n'impose*, I shall blame; and as you have, I consider, this summer put yourselves in a glass-house, and made yourselves public property to the world, you must not be angry if I exhibit you all as I find you.

The English are a most industrious people. There is not such another sight in the world as the city on week-day, unless it be an ant-walk, with a kettle of water poured on it. *Ah, mon Dieu*, it is wonderful to look on. The veritable Industrial exhibition of the Englishman after all.

From the Duke to the chimney-sweeper, all work in England. Unlike other nations, they allow themselves no repose, no leisure. Set about what they may, they go at it with 'a will,' as their sailors say. Even in their out-door sports they are a perspiring people; from a steeple-chase to a cricket-match it is all toil and exertion with them.

The City of London is a place that at first sight strikes a Parisian with peculiar feelings of surprise. He seems in a gloomy whirl when, after breakfast, he walks from his hotel in the Blackfriars. It is like nothing else in the world. He looks at the business-like aspect of all around, and the bold, resolute style of all that is going on, with a bewildered

stare of amazement. Whilst he observes he is thrust aside, and almost pushed into the kennel by the hurrying pedestrians. All apparently employed about something, and their visages impressed with the importance of the work in hand.

As he proceeds and looks about, what an eternal din and whirl salute his eyes and ears. Omnibuses carrying incredible loads of people, with straining horses, lashed almost to death with heavy whips, are thundering on in a headlong career, quite frightful to witness ; whilst myriads of hackney cabs are being twisted and twirled in and out at a speed as great.

After he has looked upon this sight, as he proceeds he becomes interested in the splendour and elegance of the private vehicles of the gentry and aristocracy, the beauty of the horses, and the appropriate accuracy of their harness and appointments. A sight not to be witnessed in any other part of the globe, and in itself worth coming many hundred miles to see.

The next thing the foreigner is impressed with as he proceeds, is the extraordinary beauty of the females riding in those latter vehicles—for the women of England are assuredly the most beautiful creatures in the world. In form, feature, and graceful loveliness, they realize the poet's description of the females of an early world, in Crete, in Sparta, and in Thessaly.

Presently attracted, *peut-être*, by some brilliant

display in a shop-window on the opposite side of the street, the stranger attempts to cross over, but, ah bah, to one of the uninitiated, that is easier said than done. In England, nobody ever makes way for anybody ; all push on. The conductors of the vehicles are plying the whip with untiring arm. Cabs, omnibuses, carriages, carts, and huge vans, stuck all over with placards and bills of the play, are running a-muck, and evading each other with imminent dexterity ; and how or when to make the lucky dash which is to carry the pedestrian across, is quite a speculation. Whilst the stranger hesitates, a terrible yell salutes his ears, and a whole herd of sheep and bullocks are in the midst of the *mélée*, and half-a-dozen bare-armed drovers, with huge clubs, batter, smite, and drive the beasts onwards, in spite of the impediments which hem them in.

Then may be seen to advantage the eccentricities of the lower rank of English, and during the battle which immediately ensues between omnibus-conductors, cab-drivers, carters, carmen, and drovers, (an engagement in which *parbleu*, the sheep, oxen, and straining horses get all the blows, and each other all the curses and abuse), it would be edifying to a stranger could he comprehend the purport of the dialogue. *Certainement* this sight is the more astonishing to the stranger, as, on the Continent, such a *divertissement* is not to be seen—no oxen ever being driven in the streets.

Meantime, as the spectator gazes upon this sight, the plot thickens apace, notwithstanding that every body is striving onwards, to the utter disregard of *everybody*; whilst drovers bellow, poke, and smite; omnibus-conductors swear, whistle, and curse; and the panting sheep and bullocks thrust their heads under the vehicles to avoid the storm of blows. As the combat deepens, a dead lock of the whole affair inevitably takes place, and the industry of the City is halted for a moment, by a drove of cattle on their way to Smithfield. Nor is this always a fight without loss on both sides, for it is not uncommon for an omnibus horse to drop down whipped to death, and a sheep or two to be seen with fractured legs, being slaughtered on the causeway; besides an old woman or so gored to death by a distracted ox.

*Certainement les Anglais* are in all things an eccentric race, and have a peculiar way of showing their pleasantries to a stranger. Some foreigners maintain that there is great want of self-respect amongst the common and popular herd; but it is, I think, rather their *amour propre*, which makes them consider all strangers fair game for the exercise of their wit; and merely a sort of carelessness and disregard of opinion.

*Par exemple*, whilst a stranger stands bewildered at the turmoil we have just described, he is suddenly caught sight of by the cads of two rival omnibuses, and his foreign aspect immediately marks

him for common game. Springing from their vehicles, they pounce upon, and seizing him on either side, they fight for him like two hyenas for a carcase—disregarding his assertion, that he has no intention of riding in either of their carriages. They revile each other most extraordinarily—somewhat thus :

“ You be blowed, you snob,” cries one, “ the gent don’t want to go with you, he hailed my buss.”

“ Ah, *méchant*,” returns the other, “ he looked towards me. You are thief—impostor.”

“ Get along, rascalle,” says the first, “ you’ve only just come out of jail for smashing—you want to give the gentilhomme brass money—but he shan’t go with you; your osses is glandered, and your bus broke; besides you wants to cut the gent’s poekets off. Come with me, Mounseer, I’ll take you vere you wants to go.”

When the stranger at last succeeds in extricating himself from these eccentric men, as they regain their respective vehicles and move on, to his surprise (after their great struggle to get possession) they join issue in abusing him, somewhat after the following lively fashion—

“ I say, Harlikin Bill,” cries the first, “ twig the Mounseer there with the vig and viskers. Don’t you wish he may get a barber to clip his beard ?”

“ Ha ! ha !” roars the second, “ havn’t no one

got not never a razor no vares in Vitechapel. There, go away with you, poor beggarly fellow come to see the Exhibition without a tizzy to pay for a ride in a bus!"

All which is pretty sure to be very much appreciated by the surrounding gentilfolks.

As soon as this is over, and the passenger resumes his progress, he is run against by several flashingly dressed young men, called *la mobile swell*, who (without attending to his polite remonstrances) immediately commence a quarrel amongst themselves on the subject.

"What did you run agin the gent for?" says one young man.

"I didn't run agin him, *stoo-pid*," returns another.

"Oh, *méchant*, I seed you push agin him," says a third.

"Hit him," says a fourth.

"Ah! you do, that's all," resumes the first, "and I'll punch your precious head for you."

Whilst the foreign gentleman, surprised at this vehement altercation, is endeavouring to pacify the disputants, in whose hands he finds himself a sort of helpless shuttle-cock, his hat is suddenly knocked over his eyes, his pockets turned inside out, and a violent jerk at his neck tells that his watch has gone astray. "Ah, bah," he exclaims, as he es-

capes, “the *mauvaises plaisanteries* of these gentlemen are most unpleasant.”

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As the stranger passes on towards the West, he becomes more reconciled to the metropolis of England. He feels that he is escaping from the pressure of the great business people ; his feet no longer tread upon an unctuous foundation which keeps him slipping back an inch every foot he gains forward. The natives, although they are still hurrying onwards with the business-like aspect all Englishmen wear, appear to have more elbow-room. The vehicle of the aristocrat is also more frequent, although the rattling omnibus and hurrying cab are common as ever, and with equal violence force duke and dustman to give way, or else abide the consequence of the smash.

In the wide thoroughfares of St. James, the pedestrian finds himself emancipated from some of the fog and soot, and a fresher air relieves his lungs, and enlivens his spirits. As he gazes about, he seems in another world, where the aspect of the people is quite different from those he left in the City. *Il en est ainsi*, he is in another region—in the world of fashion. He looks upon the club-houses of the aristocrat—the hotels and mansions

of the great—he sees the far-famed Horse-Guards of the Commander-in-Chief. The old turreted palace where the fat king with the seven wives used to live, and, over the portals of which that monarch's initials are still to be observed. The duck-pond of the English Merry Monarch, too, is to be seen at one end of the park of this old palace, and the residence of Queen Victoria looms like an hospital at the other.

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The clubs of London are eccentric associations, quite distinct from anything so-called in France, or any other nation. They are very numerous, and also different in character from each other. There is, *par exemple*, the Club *Militaire*; the Club *Politieal*; the Club *Fashionable*; the Club of the *Wanderer*; and half-a-dozen Clubs besides.

In these establishments, politics are not discussed, as in our Parisian Clubs. By no means. There is neither declaiming, nor singing, nor anything of that sort. Members take their ideas upon political matters from their favourite daily papers. One man is impressed by the leader in the 'Times,' and sports his wisdom from that cue; another is led by the '*Chronique*,' and a third feels exactly as the '*Standard*' writes;—all are led by their several

leaders, which saves them much trouble to consider for themselves. The press rules all in England, and everybody is ruled by it. If any monstrosity exists, a letter to the 'Times' is enough to knock the hydra on the head.

It is really curious to contemplate these several clubs. They are, *magnifique, superbe*. Each member lives in the style and grandeur, whilst in his club, of an Eastern king, in the days of Sardanapalus. He walks upon velvet—eats off gold and silver—and is o'er-canopied by a roof like the Alhambra. But over the whole there is a gloom and restraint quite incomprehensible to a foreigner. *Certainement* the members, as I before said, talk, eat, drink, read, write, &c., but it is after their own *triste* manner. There seems little fellowship in the society, and I am informed that one-half of the members who have, *peut-être*, dined in the same room daily for twenty years, have never exchanged a single word together in all that time. *Oui, certainement les Anglais* are an eccentric people.

On first entering one of these clubs, the foreigner is astonished at the magnificence of all around. Then the silence of the vast room seems to strike the spirit like what one might experience in a tomb of the Egyptians. The members glide about silently, and seem fearful of breaking the monotonous dullness of the establishment.

These clubs are disliked by *les dames Anglaises*,

as they interfere terribly with the far-famed fireside comforts and domestic habits of the English. Many a man who (in the parlance of the English) is hen-pecked at home, has got himself elected to a club, where he can at once escape from intrusion; it being amongst the standing rules of these establishments that no woman is to be allowed to capture a stray husband in a club-house. It is in vain that my lady drives to a club, and demands the fugitive.

*Ah, bah,* a huge porter stands between her and that bourne, where no female is permitted to enter. She may storm, scream, or swoon even, *c'est la même chose*; my Lord *Anglais* is safe in his sanctuary, and can defy her.

One day, soon after my arrival in London, I went into a fashionable club, introduced by a member, of course; but, *ah, mon Dieu*, I stopped short, and told my friend that I felt myself an intruder; the inmates of the superb apartment, I thought, looked surprised.

They stared, scowled, and seemed unhappy. “Pooh,” said *mon ami*, laughing, “it’s only their way.” The characteristic of your Englishman is distrust; he shrinks from a strange face.

*Les Anglais* are said not to be a military nation;\*

\* [We are indebted to our Parisian friend, Achille, for the following candid remarks on our recent military doings in the Crimea.]

When the British authorities sent out a fine army of

*mais certainement* they are a pugnacious race, very touchy and excitable, if one may judge from their behaviour in the streets. They come to blows in a moment, notwithstanding their grave and sombre aspect. Their favourite box is always ready, and

splendid men to fight against the Russians, they gave them cheers and *vivas* at parting; bade them fight well, and sent them green coffee berries to regale upon. When the soldiers had fought like heroes, and asked for something better to sustain them, they were told, that never before had troops been so lavishly provided for; when they persisted in complaining that they had no relish for raw coffee, they were left to get it roasted in Sebastopol; in England there was no department appointed for this purpose. When the troops were actually dying from hard toil and bad food, there was still the same difficulty. The matter required the consideration of heads of departments, and would take more time than could be spared, in order to find out some precedent for their guidance. At length, when mud in the heads of departments, and mud in the tents and trenches, and starvation and over-work, and every sort of official routine and cold obstruction, had laid the poor soldier prostrate, and the public at home became extremely anxious to pour a little barley broth down his throat at their own expense, they got a tart rebuke for their pains—that the officials must of course know what they were about. *Enfin*, when the poor soldier was at his last gasp, the routine men began to think a change of diet an absolute necessity. So my Lord Noodle sent for my Lord Doodle, in order to inquire what could be done to save those who were left from perishing. *Ah, bah*, how the Czar must have laughed!

the force and dexterity with which they deal their blows is astonishing. If an Englishman (who understands the box) plants himself before you, and fixes his legs wide apart, with his arms squared and his fists doubled, get out of his way, for the fit is sure to be strongly on him, and he must ponch a head. *Ma foi*, the adversary, (if not equally skilled), goes down like an ox in the shambles.

*Certainement*, the English are a military nation, and love fighting, in their own way. They are proud of their soldiers, too ; but their parsimony is great, and it does not do to let them see many of them at a time, consequently the greater part are kept warm in the tropics, and when they go to war, they use them all up in the first brush with the enemy.

Indeed, they keep up so few regiments to do the incredible quantity of work they give them, that (like their cab and omnibus horses), they soon work them to death. It is quite sure, there are no finer looking men in the world than the English Life Guards ; and also the Foot Guards are very fine men ; they are the pattern regiments. No other nation can produce such magnificent soldiers. The Dragoon regiments are also very fine, and well mounted for home-work, and are also very well dressed, which is very wonderful, considering the taste in dress of the old gentlemen of the Horse Guards. But the line are coarsely and unbocom-

ingly clothed ; and although as good soldiers as any in the world, not cared for.

A line regiment, as before said, is seldom complimented (however hard the service it has just performed) by a tour of duty in the metropolis ; and when it so happens that a battalion on service marches through London, it causes as much curiosity to the Londoners as a battalion of France, just arrived from Africa, would cause to the Parisians. *Certainement* the line has glory, the others more the gold lace.

In England, the army and navy have always a faction against them, which endeavours to cut them down and pare them away to nothing. The men composing this faction are generally the popular orators of the manufacturing districts. They are chartists in disguise, and very popular with the *canaille*. They wish to see the island tossing about without sail or rudder, and every horde of pirates having a kick at her. Then they think they could gather up some spoil, and be off before she flopped over and sank.

In the west end of London, fashion rules all. Fastidious and exclusive as the higher classes seem, let but fashion invest anything with its paletôt, and away they all scamper to follow it. In England, if an outrang-outang was to come from Crim-Tartary, call itself Whanki Fum, Prince of Humbugski, and wear a *toupée* of painted tow, and a cloak of

cat-skin, dyed yellow, all London would be quarelling to get the monster to their parties, and nothing fashionable where the brute was not. And if a screech-owl could get an engagement at the Opera, and call itself Signora Hootani Italiano, the audience would be half mad with delight and admiration. Fashion in England is conferred, too, by the mearest accident; what was nothing yesterday, becomes the rage to-day.

Between the nob and the snob (as they are termed in England) there is great distinction. The nob is a person high in the world's esteem: place and greatness, talent and good repute make the nob. The snob is always ready made—incorrigible—unalterable under every circumstance. *Certainement* nothing can improve or alter the snob genuine, a snob being not so much a low-born, as a low-minded person: one not up to the mark in his condition in life, consequently a snob lord, is considered a greater snob than a snob dustman, and neither become the fashion.

In society in England title bears all before it. He that is born to a coronet may be said to have a charmed life. All know its value and hold it in respect. In a party in England it is amusing to observe how everybody plays off their familiarity with high blood against everybody. *Ah, ma foi,*

how fine they are, those parvenus, and how they talk familiarly of Chesterfield, Clanricarde, and Newcastle—*peut-être* they never spoke to a lord in their lives, but still they have a dreamy illusive train of ideas, which lead them to humbug themselves without deceiving others. After all, perhaps this is excusable, for in England the aristocracy, as a body, are an estimable race. *Mon Dieu!* to us, it is quite extraordinary to observe how *les Anglais* divide and subdivide into classes innumerable—*parbleu* the aristocrats *par excellence*; the *noblesse* themselves have half-a-dozen gradations, and so among the untitled and down into the ranks of the professionals, and even the traders take the *pas* of one another in the most extraordinary manner. *Eh bien*, it is droll, but it suits them somehow or other these English—*certainement* it makes a party of snobs very *triste*, what you call slow. Everybody is afraid of everybody. It may be, that, by a mistake, somebody might get acquainted with nobody, which would be a scrape indeed, extremely awkward.

I am not aware that the English express or feel any great admiration for the bull-fight of the Spaniard; but *certainement*, they have exhibited in the lists of Smithfield (where in feudal times the tournament used to be held) a series of bull-fights on a scale of grandeur that would astonish the

natives of any other country in the world. To have any idea of these extraordinary conflicts one must witness them, as all description fails in giving a notion of the excessive ingenuity exercised towards the animals fought against, which are for the most part, the ox, the pig, and the *mouton*. In these chivalric games, the great art is to coerce an enormous number of bullocks into a space one quarter the size of the actual bulk of their own bodies. For this purpose the living carcases have to be first beaten into a pulp, then the horns broken off and the heads battered with clubs, the tails screwed and twisted off with incredible torture to the beast, and every possible species of skill and activity exercised against them. In addition to this, packs of ferocious dogs and foureats of all descriptions are invited to play at this game—altogether the fury, the terrible execrations, and the amazing prowess displayed by the men hired to play at this *divertissement*, is so exciting to witness that the sight can never be effected in after-life. After this tournament, the brutes (notwithstanding they are rendered unwholesome as food) are unjammed, thrown into cellars, beneath where the great business of life is transacting, and there slaughtered.

The aristocrats of the City and the common men of council, are the persons for whose especial gratification these diversions are kept up. The

march of civilisation has more than once threatened to do away with these passages of arms of Smithfield. But the civic dignitaries stand out for their bull, calf, sheep, and pig fights, although I believe it has been offered to them (by way of compensation) to restore the milder bull and bear-baitings (as in Queen Elizabeth's reign,) and in which not a thousandth part of such *bêtises* were practised. Besides, the cab and omnibus drivers of London serve an apprenticeship sometimes to the Smithfield tournaments, in order to harden and prepare them as conductors. *A-propos* of these eccentric bull-fight it is certain that in England everybody eats too much beef. Unless they get beef four times a-day they think they cannot go through "the fatigue of life."

I consulted an English physician one day, who had so much practice that he was obliged to eat his beef in his carriage.

"*Eh bien,*" said he, "it is that which causes me so much work. Everybody in London eats just six times too much, consequently they must have disease of one sort or other."

"*Ma foi,*" said I, "if it be so these poor oxen and pigs are revenged, for the English dig their graves with their teeth."

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Cant and humbug is very prevalent amongst a

certain clique of the English, I am told. *Par exemple*, the humanity-mongers, as they are called, are a very eccentric race. They preach the most extended philanthropy. They are like the Brahmins of India, who hired and maintained beggars, that vermin might be fed upon them.

A short time ago, these tender-hearted gentlemen made a terrible outcry against the English sailors, because they interfered with the pirates in the China seas. *Ah, mon Dieu!* how they pitied these poor persecuted pirates: what a cruelty to fire at men who only laboured in their vocation. Brave fellows, too, these pirates, for the meanest of their crew had slain half-a-score of men, cut the throats of as many women, ripped up twice the number of little children, and assisted in burning at least a dozen villages. Pirates, they said, were human beings; and if they but continued in the situation in life to which they were called, what right had English sailors to interfere with their pursuits. Besides, they might have been induced to send some specimens of their dried heads to the Exhibition.

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Such, *mes amis*, are some of the eccentricities and pleasantries which strike a foreigner on visiting your famous London. *Eh bien!* I shall resume the subject of "*Les droqueries anglaises*" in the

twinkling of a four-post bed; *à présent*, I must leave off, and look about, and observe the great shop of all nations, which the industrious English have got up for the whole world. And Monsieur Bull, *permettez-moi*, you must not be angry at what is said of you by the foreigner, *parce que* if you invite the Esquimaux from the North, and the Chinaman from the East, unless you can treat the one to whale-blubber, and the other to chopped worms and bird-nests, properly cooked, *certainement* you must expect that they will be discontented, and abuse you. We must all have our hobby-horse to ride. The German his pipe, the Italian his fiddle, the Frenchman his revolution, and the Englishman his umbrella. *A présent, adieu ! Au revoir !*

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